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THE BOOKMAN

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MEETINGS WITH HOWELLS

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

I

ONE day in 1871 my father, on his return from the little county town, brought home to us on our farm (in Mitchell County, Iowa), a copy of the *Hearth and Home,* or some such eastern rural paper, in which was the beginning of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster,* my first story of everyday life. As a boy of eleven, I was in the midst of a fervent passion for the "continued stories" of lords and ladies, queens and consorts, Indians and their destroyers, with which the *Saturday Night,* and the *New York Weekly* were filled, and yet I must have been at heart a realist, for I fell almost instantly into an absorbed study of the doings of Indiana backwoods farmers. Rude spelling schools, protracted meetings, and other rough-spun Western events contended in my admiration with tourneys and royal crusades.

This serial (which involved our whole family in a weekly struggle as to who should have the first chance at each newly arrived number) was the work of Edward Eggleston, and it must be reckoned one of the earliest and most successful of our attempts to put into fictional form the life of the Middle West—I say successful, for to us "Mandy" and "Bud Means," "Ralph Hartsook," the teacher, little "Shockey," and sweet, patient "Hannah" were as real, as tangible as any of our neighbours—they were everyday folk, yet, how their doings engaged us! We could hardly wait for the next issue, so eager were we to follow the fortunes of Hannah and Ralph. We quoted "old lady Means"—"git a plenty while you're gittin' says I"—and cheered "Bud" in his fight with the village drover. We barely knew where Indiana was in those days, but Eggleston's Hoosiers were very close to us. It seemed that we could ride across the country and visit them almost any day.

The illustrations of the book were illogically grotesque, even in our eyes, but the artist had contrived to give some slight virginal charm to "Hannah" and a certain childish sweetness to "Shockey" so that we accepted the more than mortal ugliness of "old man Means" and his daughter "Mandy," who simpered over her spelling book at us as she did at "Ralph," as the artist's concept of villainous and foolish persons.

One afternoon in the spring of 1881, as I stood in the post-office in the village of Osage, Iowa, waiting for my mail, I noticed on the counter of the book-stand a small volume labelled *The Undiscovered Country,* by W. D. Howells. Mildly curious I took it up. "What's this?" I asked of the clerk.

With a disgusted air he replied, "I

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bought it for a book of travels, but it turns out to be a novel. I'll sell it cheap if you want to buy it."

With half-an-hour to wait and nothing else to do, I opened the book and began to read. From the very first page I dimly perceived something new in fiction. The diction, so direct, so graceful, so unerring, enthralled me despite the prejudice with which the clerk had filled my mind. It was all curiously real, yet remote. A few minutes later the General Delivery window opened, I laid the story down, and did not take it up again for more than five years, but I carried that taste of its quality through many vicissitudes, little knowing (as the historians say) that a meeting with its author was to be the most important literary event of my life.

In 1884 when I went to Boston to study, Howells was the most conspicuous novelist in the city, was indeed an issue. He had just published *Silas Lapham* and was in the full tide of his powers. All literary Boston was divided into three parts, those who liked him and read him; those who read him and hated him, and those who just plain hated him. The most fiercely debated question in many clubs ran something like this: "Are Howells's heroines true to life or are they merely satiric types?" and most of his feminine critics were fiercely indignant over his "injustice to woman." "He never depicts a noble woman," they declared.

"Well," retorted his male admirers, "he's just as hard on us. He is not concerned with nobly perfect individuals. He is not celebrating heroes or heroines —he is depicting men and women as they are."

Naturally, I began by taking sides against this fictional iconoclast (I had forgotten for the time the absorbed interest with which I had read *The Undiscovered Country*), I even went so far as to announce a lecture in opposition to "Howells and James"—for Henry James was also an arch offender against romance. But as I studied to prove my case, I ended (naturally) by becoming his public advocate. How could I help it? I had always been a lover of realities and there was something in the exquisite yet homely realism of *A Modern Instance,* something in the pathos of *The Minister's Charge* which "tied on" with my memories of Eggleston's *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.* Of course the work of the later realist was infinitely more artistic, more restrained and delicate from the technical standpoint, but it had something of the same homely spirit, and its types were quite as American in every case.

It must have been during the second year of my stay in Boston—some time in 1885 I think—that I again entered upon *The Undiscovered Country* and pressed onward to the end. From this I passed to *The Minister's Charge,* which had been running serially and was about to appear in book form. This story, which dealt with a homesick country boy in the city, appealed to me strongly—so strongly that I was moved to write a review of it for *The Transcript*—everybody wrote to *The Transcript* in those days. Hurd, the literary editor of this, the chief paper of New England, liked my article so much that he called the attention of the managing editor to it. Mr. Clement was also interested. "Put it on the editorial page," said he, "and send the young man to me."

So it fell out that a few days later my eyes were dazzled by the appearance of my review (printed in large type) on the editorial page, and I was thrown into a daze of conjecture by receiving word from Hurd that the editor wished to see me.—Was he about to offer me an editorial chair?

Going before the great man humbly, as befitted a penniless western youth in a rusty coat, I stood expectantly, wonderingly, while he crossed a t and dotted a couple of i's. At last he wheeled round and said, "That was an able article, Mr. Garland, and I have sent a proof of it to Howells. You should know him personally, and sometime I will give you a letter to him—but not now. Wait a

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while. War is being made upon him and if you were to meet him at this time your criticism would have less weight. His enemies would say that you had come under his magnetic influence. Go ahead with the writings you have in mind and after you have put yourself on record concerning him and his books I shall be very glad to arrange a meeting for you."

It is probable that I was too much affected to thank him, for I descended the long, narrow staircase to the street like a man in a trance, and went to my lodgings without knowing whether it rained or snowed. The thought of coming into the presence of this renowned literary man, this great novelist, was awe-inspiring. All the way home, and all the evening, I ruminated on Clement's praise. I read and re-read my "able article" until I knew every word of it by heart, and the next day I started in seriously to study the naturalistic school of fiction to which Mr. Howells belonged. I read all of his principal books as soon as I could obtain them —which was not easy, for the demand upon them at the Library was very great. Zola and Hardy and many other Old World realists naturally followed, and in this way I prepared an article upon *Realism in Fiction,* or *Sanity in Fiction* (I have forgotten just exactly what I did call it), and day by day I worked in the definite hope of sometime calling upon the editor of *The Transcript* to redeem his promise. Just what I should say when I met the author I could not be assured of, but I fashioned some very fine speeches from time to time.

It was not till a year later—possibly in June of 1887—when one afternoon, with my letter of introduction carefully stowed in an inside pocket, I boarded the train for Auburndale, some ten or twelve miles west of Boston, where the great realist was at that time living. It is probable that no young writer of today could feel for any living author the awe which filled my heart and weakened my knees as I stepped off the train and inquired the way to the hotel, where Howells was boarding. I fervently hoped that "The Elms" would not be too magnificent, for I suddenly realised how small and shabby I actually was, and every rod of my advance sensibly decreased the little store of self-esteem with which I started, for although my sense of what was fashionable and what was not was rudimentary, I knew very well that my coat was of belated fashion and my hat noticeably western and weather-worn.

As I came opposite the entrance of the grounds, I was near to a state of panic, for on looking up the path toward the towering portico, the hotel appeared to me to be the palace of a king and my resolution entirely left me. In saying this I am not exaggerating for literary purposes—I did in very truth walk past the gate twice before I found heart to turn and enter.

"What an entirely unwarranted and presumptuous act on my part! What excuse have I for intruding on a great author's time?" I asked myself. But it was too late to retreat, and so at last I marched sternly up the gravelled walk. Timidly entering the wide central hall I advanced, warily, across the polished floor to the desk where a highly ornate and haughty clerk presided—(hotel clerks are haughty to me even now) and in a meek and husky voice asked, "Is Mr. Howells in?"

"He is, but he is at luncheon," the young despot on the other side of the counter coldly replied, and his tone expressed the opinion that he did not think Mr. Howells would relish being disturbed by a seedy individual in a Prince Albert frock coat, a sombrero and a plaid Windsor tie, a visitor who did not even know the proper hour for an afternoon call was (to put the best construction on his actions) a hay-seed.

However, my border blood began to smoke. Producing my letter of introduction I said, "You send this in to Mr. Howells and let *him* make the decision about seeing me." The clerk quailed—not through fear of me, but out of re-

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spect for the author. The coloured porter who took my letter soon returned. "Mr. Howells will be out in a few minutes," he said. "Come with me." Leading the way to a small and highly polished room (near the front of the building) a room which contained several rather frail gilt chairs and a long settee, he left me to seat myself as I pleased.

For several minutes I rested on the edge of one of the gilded perches with eyes on the portières, vainly trying to swallow a frog in my throat. I do not believe I could have uttered a word at the moment. "How will he receive me? How will he look? What shall I say to him?" I again asked myself. My visit seemed at the moment incredibly presumptuous and foolish.—All this appears very old-fashioned and romantic, no doubt, but so it was.

A light step reached my ears. I rose. The curtains parted and a short man with a large head stood before me. His smoothly shaven face was impassive but his glance was one of the most piercing I had ever encountered. In that single instant, before he smiled, he discovered my character, my state of mind (and probably inventoried my clothing). His eyes were like the tubes of some singular and powerful X-ray instrument. It was the glance of a student of men—of a realist. He looked the portrait I had seen of him, only a little older. His hair a little thinned and parted in the middle, was brown, and his moustache close-clipped. Of course, this scrutiny took but a second's time. Then his face softened, became winning and very gracious. "I am glad to see you," he said, and his tone convinced me of it. "Won't you be seated?"

He indicated a seat at one end of the sofa. I accepted it. He took a position at the other end, facing me, and began by thanking me for my reviews—then proceeded to inquire concerning my work and my purposes. It took but a moment to draw forth the story of my coming to Boston. In truth, I was bursting with talk. He developed my early antagonism to his work and my conversion to his method. He called out my theory of comparative criticism, and listened intently while I told him of "the great work" I had in hand—a manuscript called *The Development of American Ideals*. My conception of the local novel, and of its growing importance in American literature, especially interested him. He permitted me to enlarge upon my reasons for believing that the local novel was the most important literary form of the day, and that it would continue to grow in power and insight.

I said in substance: "In my judgment the men and women of the South and West and East are working, without knowing it, in accordance with a great principle which is this: American literature, in order to be great, must be national, and in order to be national must be spontaneous and deal with conditions peculiar to our own land and climate. Every sincere writer must write of the life which he knows best and for which he cares most." "Thus," said I, "Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Joseph Kirkland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mary E. Wilkins, like Bret Harte, are but varying phases of the same movement, a movement which is to give us at last a really vital and original and national literature."

Once set going I fear I ran on like a political orator at top speed. I did not know how to quit—I do not think I did quit—I imagine he must have stopped me, but he did it deftly with a compliment so adroit that I did not understand exactly how the brake was applied. "You are doing a fine and valuable work," he said, and I thought he meant it. "Each of us has had some perception of this movement, but no one so far as I know has up to this time correlated it as definitely as you have done. I hope you will go on and finish and publish your book."

These words, uttered perhaps out of kindliness, brought the blood to my face and filled me with gratitude and joy. The lightest word of praise from the lips of this widely accepted man of letters was to me a medal of fine gold, for

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I had good reason to know how discriminating he was in his use of adjectives. To gain even a single syllable of commendation from the author of *A Modern Instance* was rich reward for a youth who had but just escaped from digging potatoes and husking corn on an Iowa farm. Emboldened by his gracious manner, I confessed that I also had ambitions to do a little in the way of recording the manners and customs of my native West. "I don't know that I can do this in stories," I said, "but I intend to do it in essays."

He was kind enough then to say that he would like to see me try fiction. "Whatever you do, keep to the West," he urged. "You have almost a clear field out there. No one but Howe and Eggleston seem to be writing of the prairie country. Why don't you regularly go in for it? I am sure you could give us something that would be typically American."

How long he talked (or how long I talked) I cannot now recall (the clock stopped for me), but at last—probably in self-defense—he suggested that we go outside, and as we walked about the village he became more and more sympathetic. He treated me not merely as a literary aspirant, but as a friend in whom he could confide. He asked my opinion with regard to certain vital questions in debate at the moment, and I answered with joyous vigour. I was, I fear, a torrent, a cyclone, a cloud-burst of words. But in his gentle way he governed me and at last headed me for my train.

On the way to the station came my greatest decoration. He turned to me, with the simplest cameraderie, and asked, "What would you think of my doing a story dealing with the effect of a dream on the life of a man? I have in mind a tale to be called *The Shadow of a Dream,* or something like that, wherein the principal character is to be influenced to some action—I don't quite know what—through the memory of a vision which is to pursue him and have some share in the final catastrophe, whatever it may turn out to be. What would you think of such a plot?" Surprised and flattered by this evidence of his trust and confidence in me, I managed to stammer out a blunt judgment. "It would depend entirely upon the treatment," I said. "The theme is a little like Hawthorne, but I can understand how under your hand it would not be in the least like Hawthorne."

He caught at my full meaning and quickly replied, "You think it is not quite like me? You are right. It *is* rather romantic, and I may never write it." He smiled in reassurance. "But if I do, you may be sure it will be treated in my own way and not in any other man's way."

"There are plenty of men, Mr. Howells, who can do 'the weird kind of thing,' but there is only one man who can compose books like *A Modern Instance* and *Silas Lapham.*"

I did not suppose this praise of mine, or this criticism of mine, could have any lasting effect upon a man whose fame was international, but to have him desire my impression of the fitness of a chosen theme was like feeling on my shoulder the touch of the King's ennobling blade. I went away knighted. My apprenticeship seemed over. To America's chief literary man I was also a writer, a literary historian, and with this recognition the current of my ambition changed. I began to hope that I too might some day become a novelist and put some part of the Middle West into fiction.

II

As often as I dared thereafter I went to call upon Mr. Howells, and always his taste, his judgment, his exquisite yet simple English produced in me the profoundest admiration. An hour of his incisive humourous talk sent me away in mingled exaltation and despair—exaltation over his continued faith in me; despair over my own blunt and graceless method. His speech, while never formal or ornate, was so much better than any writing I could ever hope to pen that

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I went back to my desk in a kind of desperation.

How I must have bored that sweet and gracious soul! He could not escape me. If he moved to Auburn I pursued him. If he fled to Magnolia or Nahant I spent my money like water to follow him up to ask his advice about my work, or to worry him into a belief in The Single Tax. However, I do not seem to have dared to visit him so often at his home in Boston. I think I must have been awed by the splendour of Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue.

As I came to know him better he revealed to me the swift transitions to which a Celtic man of letters is liable. Humour and pathos mingled in his speech. His humour, which was always close beneath the surface like a low, sweet, bubbling geyser spring, often rose with a chuckle close upon his most sombre mood, and always broke into some crystal phrase which lingered in my memory for weeks. He was at this time deeply moved by the social injustice which we had all recently discovered, and often as we walked and talked he spoke of Bellamy's delineation of the growing contrasts between the rich and the poor, while I dilated upon Henry George's statement of the suffering and deprivations of the proletariat. He was Socialist; I was Individualist, and I could never quite get him to see the difference between his programme and mine. He was always for some communistic reform, while I was perfectly clear that land monopoly was the fundamental cause of poverty and must be destroyed first of all.

His voice was sad—poignantly sad—when reviewing the sorrow and injustice of the world, and yet he always had himself in hand. Once as we were crossing the Common together we met a beggar who whined out a request for alms. Howells gave him a coin with some misgiving, and then while his brow was still wrinkled with pain he said, "Of course, there is a chance of his being a professional, and we are warned not to give to professionals." Here his delightful humour lightened his face. "And yet, I cannot conceive that this man, though a fraud, is precisely *rolling* in wealth."

At another time, at Little Nahant, I remember we spent several hours of an afternoon out on the sunny slope of a hill which fronted the sea, dreaming out an ideal world in which poverty need not exist, and he said to me some of the things which he afterward recorded in *The Traveller from Altruria.* I remember wondering at the moment how poverty and sickness and crime could exist in a world so beautiful as that upon which we looked, as the dusk began to fall, and the lamps burst in rows of bloom like golden lilies along the beach across the bay. And yet at the moment, while he was dreaming of a new social order, his eldest daughter, hopelessly ill, was filling his heart with personal pain.

As we came to the hour of parting and while we stood for a few minutes before a small rustic gate at the corner of his garden, the beauty of the view again rendered us silent. At last he, feeling the splendour of the sunset, contrived to put into a phrase his appreciation of my ambitions and his confidence in my future. With a wave of his hand and a smile of shy sweetness and friendship, he said, "There lies your path." And in his voice was the suggestion that I was about to enter upon a way of stars.—Alas! how far I have fallen short of the aspirations which filled my heart at that moment!—

One meeting at his home in the city I do recall quite distinctly. It was a luncheon in honour of James A. Herne, and was shared by several others who were interested in Herne's plays. Over the coffee Howells suggested to Herne that he take a sail-loft, if necessary, and produce his new play *Margaret Fleming.* "That is the way Suderman did," he added. As Herne and I went away together the indomitable playwright said, "I'll do it if I have to borrow the money to do it with." The result was the famous Chickering Hall engagement of 1890.

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Then came the news of Howell's acceptance of an offer from a New York magazine and his definite abandonment of Boston as his home. His going deeply affected me. It seemed to me that the literary centre of America was about to shift. As a matter of fact, it had shifted long before, only I was not aware of it. Now I was suddenly awake to the beginning of that migration which has since stripped Boston and all other American cities of their best-known writers, painters, actors and artists. Manhattan had put forth her lure, the men of genius from all over the United States had responded, and from being the marketplace of the New World she became almost at once its capital. After Edwin Booth and Howells left, the Hernes and many others of my friends followed and Boston never seemed the same illustrious and permanent centre it had been to me.

In the many years that have passed over Mr. Howells's head, whitening his hair and bending his shoulders, his spirit remains unchanged. Nothing bitter, nothing cynical has ever come from his pen. During our long friendship I have never heard him utter an unjust criticism or an ill-natured jest. His sympathy, his insight, his soundness of judgment, and especially the dignity and sweetness of his nature have been an inspiration as well as a regulative influence to me as to many others.

His life has been helpful in the most extraordinary degree. Poets, dramatists, novelists whose work had sincerity and native quality have been strengthened on their best side by his words of encouragement. He spoke for Herne, Harrigan, Cawein, Norris, and scores of others still living are in his debt—but as he expected no return then he expects none now—his concern is to promote work that is natural and sincere.

As I write this final paragraph, comes a letter from him saying, "I am back on Mt. Vernon Street retracing many of the old paths." And in my heart is an illogical longing, a wistful desire to join him in a search for the city that is gone —the Boston of my youth!

ILLUMINATION

BY ARTHUR POWELL

As by the fretted twigs is caught
And framed the firmamental sphere,
So through Love's arabesques of thought
The verities of Life appear.

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BELASCO AND THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

A CURIOUS and interesting article was published in a recent issue of *The New York Herald,* dated Sunday, January 7, 1917. It was signed [in autograph] by the magic name of David Belasco. The title of this article [in bold-faced capitals] appeared as follows:—"David Belasco Sees a Menace to True Art of the Stage in Toy Playhouses and Little Repertory Theatres." This caption was succeeded by the following [in somewhat smaller and less strident type]:—"Vicious, Vulgar and Degrading, He Says, Are the Ideals of Many of the Neighbourhood Centres That Are Springing Up Rapidly." These headlines, doubtless, were written by some practised journalist on the staff of the Sunday *Herald,*—one of those delightful slingers of the English language who are employed to coin such lovely and alluring phrases as "Sees War's End Ere Fall." Mr. Belasco's own style, though a little less impressive, is a little more emphatic. We shall quote [verbatim] the first and fourth paragraphs of this important disquisition:

BY DAVID BELASCO

The drama requires defenders. Someone should arise and speak the truth and since no one else has done so I am going to try to perform that service. Theatres and acting organisations devoted to false ideals (I will call them theatres for explanatory reasons) are not new but never until this season have they been so vicious, vulgar and degrading. No one has offered to defend the stage or to protest against those desecrators of its best traditions. They have multiplied alarmingly. I know whereof I speak, because I have attended every one of these places devoted to the so-called "new art," whose clumsy and amateurish directors have decided to be "different." There is no mistake about it either. They are different, just as a hog differs from all other animals in the expression of his emotions. He grunts when he is pleased and squeals when he wants to be tragic. . . .

Wherefore should young men as yet unborn years after I had done the very things in my early days as a producer now attempt to point the way and tell me and my fellow producing managers, who have achieved their positions as such through long years of study and experience, how to do that which these same youngsters as yet have to learn the very rudiments of? Until now I have not taken this matter at all seriously and would not notice it, but when I find certain of our newspapers devoting column after column in overpraise of strictly amateur work and at the same time not only failing to give proper attention to the serious work in the theatre, but attempting to slur and degrade the best efforts that are being made for the drama and the theatre, I rise to take exception and to point out the absurdity of it all.

This eloquent outburst is sufficiently appealing to call forth a little further conversation on the subject. "Dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty" as that of the mighty Halvard Solness of our theatre turning his back in dread against the knocking of the newer generation at the door. Mr. Belasco, in his younger years, was not so timorous of independent ventures. We have his printed words to tell us [see above] that, in his early days as a producer, he did the very things that his successors now attempt to do. But we hold also in the records of our recollection a not so very distant time when Mr. Belasco himself appeared before the public as one

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of the leaders of an insurrection against the tyranny of the commercial theatre. At that time the reviewers were accustomed [more or less unconsciously] to stretch a point or two in praising the productions of Mr. Belasco, because he was fighting, in behalf of the public, against the so-called theatre-trust. But times have changed, and manners also; and Mr. Belasco has at last become a staunch ally with his "fellow producing managers, who have achieved their positions as such through long years of study and experience,"—such disinterested students of the drama, for example, as Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger and Mr. Lee Shubert. Why should ignorant and inexperienced young people presume to set the plays of Lord Dunsany before the theatre-going public, and be guilty of the further insolence of crowding their houses every night because of this mistaken policy, when such deep students of dramatic literature as Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert had never even heard of Lord Dunsany? Mr. Belasco, of course, had heard of Lord Dunsany; for, in this very article, he modestly describes himself as "one who has studied the literature and drama of all ages and in every language." But did Mr. Belasco waste his time producing such a vapid composition as *The Gods of the Mountain?* Not he; for, as he tells us a little later in his article, "real art has more to do with the beautiful." *The Gods of the Mountain* was foisted on a suffering public by an ignorant and inexperienced amateur, Mr. Stuart Walker. Before making this production, Mr. Walker had enjoyed only six consecutive years of training as a stage-director—where? . . . In the Belasco Theatre, in New York.

Mr. Belasco, with the perfect taste of the practised man of letters, has managed to compose [and also to sign in autograph] this entire exercise in dialectics without "naming any names." He does not tell us whom he means to designate as hogs that grunt and squeal. In his delicately written copy, there are certain subtle hints that his diatribe was directed primarily against the projects of the Washington Square Players; but several of his enshadowing remarks might be regarded, with equal reason, as directed against the activities of the Portmanteau Theatre, or the Neighbourhood Playhouse, or the Little Theatre, or any of a multitude of other institutions which, within the last three seasons, have come before the public with a non-commercial programme. As Mr. Belasco says, "they have multiplied alarmingly;" and the activity of these pernicious independent theatres has by no means been confined to the metropolis.

Mr. Belasco did not begin to worry about the "menace" of "toy playhouses" and "little repertory theatres" until these independent institutions had commenced, by their astonishing receipts, to cut into the profits which formerly had been preëmpted by his "fellow producing managers" [like Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert] "who have achieved their positions as such by long years of study and experience." The scholarly serenity of such majestic minds is not disturbed by insurrections that are not successful. The "clumsy and amateurish directors" who "have decided to be 'different'" may lay this flattering unction to their souls:—they have at least sufficiently succeeded in attracting public interest to be regarded as a "menace" by a manager who was formerly as fearless as Mr. Belasco.

It may be interesting to compare and to contrast the work that has been done, in recent seasons, by these little independent organisations with the work that has been done, in the same period, by so august a producing manager as Mr. Belasco himself.

There are three elements of interest in the theatre—three things that people pay their money to see:—first, the play itself, second, the acting of the play, and third, the production of the play. Very rarely is the public afforded an equal satisfaction in all three of these regards. Sometimes a bad play may be made endurable by good acting; sometimes a su-

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perlative production may charitably cover a multitude of sins on the part of the actors and the author; and sometimes a good play may be worth seeing for itself, despite the fact that it is badly acted and imperfectly produced. As things go in our theatre, the public is ordinarily offered the alternative of seeing a first-rate performance of a second-rate play or seeing a second-rate performance of a first-rate play. Actors usually think that acting is the thing in the theatre, and see no further than their parts; authors usually think that the play is the thing, and see no further than their unfulfilled intentions; and producers usually think that the production is the thing, and see no further than their bills for scenery and costumes. The critical observer, who asks for equal excellence in all three of these contributory elements of interest, is usually dismissed as an utopian idealist who is doomed to be unsatisfied.

This division of the subject of contention into three component parts may serve, however, to help us toward a clearer estimate of the comparative merits of Mr. Belasco's own activities and those of the independent organisations which he chooses to regard as his opponents.

There can be no question that, on the single score of acting, the Belasco Theatre carries off the palm. Mr. Belasco has always displayed an almost uncanny ability in the casting of his plays and an unlimited patience in training his actors until they have given something better than their best. As a master of rehearsals he remains without a rival in this country, excepting Mr. Henry Miller. No other man could have made a great actor out of Mr. David Warfield; no other man could have made an endurable actress out of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Furthermore, Mr. Belasco is so situated that, when he chooses to produce a totally unimportant play like *Little Lady in Blue,* he can afford to pay the salaries of such experienced actors as Mr. George Giddens and Mr. A. G. Andrews and thereby give his authors the advantage of superlative performances in minor parts. It goes without saying that the little independent theatres cannot afford to compete against him on this chosen ground. Companies that pay their best actors only fifty dollars a week must sometimes ask indulgence of the public for the playing of contributory parts.

Yet some of the acting in these little theatres has been astonishingly good. Even so meticulous a critic as Mr. Belasco must admire the work of Mr. José Ruben, of the Washington Square Players, in *Bushido,* and the work of Mr. Gregory Kelly and Mr. McKay Morris in the repertory of the Portmanteau Theatre. It would, perhaps, be unfair to remind the "menaced" mentor of our stage that Miss Gertrude Kingston has acted this season at the Neighbourhood Playhouse and that M. Paul Clerget has appeared for five consecutive months at the Little Theatre.

On the score of production, the preeminence of Mr. Belasco is no longer so unquestionable as it used to seem a dozen years ago. The master-builder of our theatre has been genuinely "menaced" by the knocking of the younger generation at the door; and he has tacitly admitted this by according to the younger generation the sincerest flattery of imitation. Mr. Belasco is undeniably the cleverest projector of plays upon our native stage: he has been recognised as such for twenty seasons: yet, within the last two years, he has seen fit to revise his methods totally. He has renounced the method of imitation in favour of the method of suggestion. Instead of cluttering his stage with a collected mass of junk to remind the spectator of actuality, he now exhibits a sedulously simple scene to remind the spectator of reality. This revolutionary change in method first became apparent in his beautiful production of *Marie-Odile.* At the same moment, he abolished his former system of lighting the stage with foot-lights and introduced his present system of overhead illumination. But the point to be regarded is that, in these innovations, he

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was anteceded by the independent theatres.

Mr. Belasco speaks a little harshly of the productions that have been exhibited by such organisations as the Washington Square Players. His own words may be quoted: "They call it the 'new art,' whatever they mean by that.. . . . This so-called new art of the theatre is but a flash in the pan of inexperience. It is the cubism of the theatre—the wail of the incompetent and the degenerate." But, if the scenery and lighting of these little independent theatres is so incompetent and so degenerate, why—in heaven's name—has it been imitated by so masterly a student of the stage as Mr. David Belasco? If the new ideas of simplification, stylisation, and diffused illumination, have been worthy of delayed adoption on the stage of the Belasco Theatre, why should their previous exemplifications be regarded by Mr. Belasco as a cue for calling forth the solemn utterance that the "'new art of the theatre' is the haven of those who lack experience of the drama and of the theatre?"

But it is only when we come to consider the third score—the element of authorship—that the palm must be violently snatched away from Mr. Belasco and his "fellow producing managers" and handed to the little independent theatres. In the vision of Mr. Belasco, who has always been so careful of the element of acting and the element of stage-production, the element of authorship has never seemed to matter. In his entire career as a producing manager, Mr. Belasco has never exhibited a great play [unless this title be accorded to *The Easiest Way,* by Mr. Eugene Walter] and he has never exhibited a play by a great dramatist [unless this title be accorded to Mr. Henry Bernstein, the clever author of *The Secret*]. For the most part, Mr. Belasco has contented himself with making masterly productions of nothing at all by nobody in particular.

While the Washington Square Players have been producing plays by Maeterlinck, Schnitzler, Andreyeff, Tcheckoff, Wedekind, Bracco, de Porto-Riche, and Takeda Izumo—while the Neighbourhood Players have been producing plays by Shaw and Dunsany—while the Portmanteau Players have been producing plays by Dunsany and Oscar Wilde and the nameless author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*—Mr. Belasco has been producing plays by Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue and Messrs. Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval. In this particular regard, the record of Mr. Belasco for the current season is not, by any means, a thing to boast about. He has produced two new plays—a second-rate Broadway comedy entitled *Seven Chances* and a third-rate recollection of the obsolescent art of Eugène Scribe entitled *Little Lady in Blue;* and he has revived *The Music Master,* a mechanical and sentimental play which was deemed devoid of genuine significance when it was first produced, a decade or a little more ago.

The reason why the theatre-going public—which only asks to be amused and interested—has been turning in large numbers toward the little independent theatres is that these upstart institutions have adopted a habit of presenting better plays than those which are exhibited by Mr. Belasco and his "fellow producing managers." There is a certain section of the public that agrees with Hamlet that "the play's the thing." These people would rather see a great play only adequately rendered than a poor play superlatively acted and produced.

But, of course, in this particular connection, it would be only fair to permit Mr. Belasco once more to lift his voice. He has expressed himself as follows:—"If one only considers the type of plays chosen for presentation by the amateurs I refer to he will be convinced of this, for they seem only to choose the greatly exaggerated, the sordid and the salacious plays and playlets." Mr. Belasco "knows whereof he speaks," for he "has attended every one of these places devoted to the so-called 'new art,' whose

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clumsy and amateurish directors have decided to be 'different.'" In all "these places devoted to the so-called 'new art,'" the most popular playwright, in the current season of 1916-17, has been, beyond all question, Lord Dunsany. *The Gods of the Mountain, The Golden Doom, King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior, A Night at an Inn, The Queen's Enemies, The Tents of the Arabs*—we know them now in all their nakedness; for Mr. Belasco has told us all about them. They are "greatly exaggerated," they are "sordid and salacious plays and playlets." *The Death of Tintagiles, The Life of Man, Bushido, The Birthday of the Infanta, Great Catherine,* and [possibly] *L'Enfant Prodigue,* should be classed in the same "sordid and salacious" category. How can we cleanse our souls from the contamination of "all these faddists" who "bring out the dirty, the salacious and the brutally sordid, perverted and degenerate playlets?" Obviously, there is only one answer to this leading question:—by attending a performance, at the Belasco Theatre, of *Little Lady in Blue*—a play [thank God!] which was not written by Maurice Maeterlinck, Leonid Andreyeff, Takeda Izumo, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, or Michel Carré. There is nothing in the harmless text of *Little Lady in Blue* which can call a blush into the cheeks of the most virginal patrons of a producing manager "who has studied the literature and drama of all ages and in every language." It is indeed [as Mr. Belasco would undoubtedly assure us, if modesty did not prevent] a veritable masterpiece of art. He "knows whereof he speaks."

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WHITE NIGHTS: A RUSSIAN MOOD

BY ALEXANDER KUPRIN

TRANSLATED BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

LISTEN: I shall tell you of the white nights of the distant North.

Here, in the South, amid this exuberant, magnificent and decorative Nature their memory has been haunting me all the while. They come back to me just as, sometimes, through the mist of many years, you recollect a shy kiss of cold girlish lips—such a swift, quivering, timid kiss, given in the twilight of a spring evening, at a flower-laden window-sill, behind the curtain, which swells gently in the breeze.

Southern nights are amazingly beautiful. I remember one of them. It was a black night, as if the heaven and the earth were wrapt in black velvet. A pent-up passion, a burning desire filled the air and fermented among the twigs of the trees and rose from the grasses in the drunken fragrance of flowers. And it seemed that someone whispered in the dark mad, inscrutable words, that someone's slow, hot breath touched your cheeks and fanned the hair on your temples. . . . And not a single star in the heaven, upholstered with heavy, low, solid darkness!

And there were other nights, fairy-like, moonlit nights when the heaven was clad in pale-blue and the sea in cerulean satin; and festive nights, flooded with the splendours of gold and the shimmering sheen of silver, and suffused with the sweet music of waves. There were dazzling, stormy nights, beautiful and terrible like the face of an angel in wrath. There were wearying, strange nights, with a restless wind, unstringing the nerves, with orange light in the white clouds which hid the moon, with tossing stalks of grass and swaying trees.

How often did I then dream of the white nights of Petrograd. . . . White, mystic, sleepless nights! How can I describe their delicate, disquieting, morbid fascination? The spell of their strange languor begins to work late in the evening. You wait for the coming of twilight, of night, but in vain. The window curtains are white. Impossible to stay indoors. . . .

Midnight. The streets are crowded. But it seems that everybody keeps close to the walls, walks carefully, picking his way, and talks in whispers. It is as if in this false twilight an immemorial mystery is about to disclose itself above the dreaming city, and everybody's heart quivers with forebodings and fears. The heavens stretch over the earth, one-hued, wet, milk-white. Human figures and faces are clearly seen from afar; one can read the signs above show windows and discern the meek eyelashes of sleeping cab-horses. The broad river lies placidly in its dark granite frame, a stream of milk, on which only a few lazy wrinkles are touched into blue. Both the heaven and the water are like the infinitely delicate play of mother-of-pearl, with its elusive hues, pink and blue.

I turn into a broad deserted street. Not a soul, as far as eye can reach. My footsteps awaken sonorous echoes. Enormous many-storied buildings tower on both sides. Not a window is lighted, the pale light of the heaven alone dully shimmers in the black panes, which remind one of blind eyes. A large house stretches the whole length of a block. Five rows of blind eyes. How many people live here? It seems to me I see them lie one above the other, lie on their back, or their side, with open mouths, tortured by morbid dreams, so near and so far from each other!

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Who knows what evil ironies Fate has in store for us? Probably, two people who have been all their lives seeking and hungering for each other lie here, side by side, divided by several inches of stone and mortar. And—who knows?—it may be that they are doomed never to meet, never to know each other, never to quench their mutual thirst with light and happiness. Hundreds of human beings are sleeping and dreaming in this stone case, stretched one above the other. What an appalling thought!

Wet, dully glistening houses. Not a soul on the street. A reverie, dreadful and strange, takes hold of my imagination. . . .

Who knows what will be the end of our planet, this tiny speck of dust, dashing along mysterious spirals into a terrible, unknown and infinite abyss? Surely, a day will come when the last miserable, exhausted remnants of humanity will die out, whether from interstellar cold, or heat, or diseases, or madness, or war. But the structures men erected will outlive them. Days and nights will pass noiselessly above them, without disturbing their mournful quiet. Statues and museums, churches and monstrous houses with blind, staring eyes will tower at night in eternal silence. . . . And the sleepless light of white nights will mysteriously caress the bronze and the stone and will be broken into a dull flash by the panes of dead, blind windows. And no one's solitary footstep will ever arouse a sonorous nightly echo.

I am again among people. They stoop in walking, and their gait is stealthy and careful. Like in the old fairy-tale, they have no shadow, and this frightens me. . . .

Here is a painted woman's face: round, carelessly blackened eyebrows, powder on the flabby skin, flushed cheekbones. Well, she, too, will die and fatten the indifferent earth with her body. But the houses will outlive her and us, and our distant descendants. And when the last man will disappear from the earth's surface, the empty buildings will enigmatically stare with their blind, mournful eyes into the silence and twilight of the white nights.

The day is breaking. Someone kindles in the opal stretches of the heaven and the river deep, delicate, iridescent colours: pink, pale-blue, lilac.

Chronicle and Comment

Our Duty

At the moment of writing plans are under way to mobilise the Nation's resources in men and munitions for war purposes. Should hostilities follow, it will mean that the last bulwark of our type of civilisation will be plunged into the passions of a war-driven world, and that the vision of America maintaining the ideal of Peace and of refuge from the European storm will be lost irrevocably. From this point of view, taken into consideration also with the inevitable tragedy of human suffering, the entrance of America into the war would be a calamity for the world. On the other hand, there come times in the lives of nations as well as in the lives of individuals, when unescapable, disagreeable duties have to be performed. The extreme Pacifists tell us that war is not justifiable under any circumstances, and their argument is a strong one. Yet in the present instance, the best answer to the Pacifists is that the present struggle is not a war—that the term "war" implies an equal honour and dignity on the part of the combatants—and that the great conflict upon which we may at this moment be entering, is more in the nature of police duty that society as a whole ought to share. When in a community any individual becomes so obsessed with one or a group of ideas

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as to render his acts violently anti-social, it is necessary for the organised police force of the community to restrain such a person by physical force if necessary. And so in the community of nations, when any one people or group of peoples becomes so imbued with anti-social ideas as to make them a menace to the survival of the civilisation of their age, it becomes a common duty for the other peoples of the world to join together in applying the restraint of force. Such a duty should not be entered upon with any spirit of jingoism or martial enthusiasm, but rather in a spirit of determination to see a disagreeable business through to the needed end. And the response of the nation's leaders, especially of the capitalists who have offered their manufacturing plants for the nation's service, show that this determination is both strong and on a high ethical plane. The offer of Mr. Henry Ford to operate his plant without profit, is the finest evidence of idealism and service to society that the crisis has brought forth and ought to satisfy the most ardent Pacifist.

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True Literature

Considered from the point of view of pure literature, the President's recent "peace" address to the Senate, will go down in history as one of the most noble official utterances ever made by a statesman. Its perfect simplicity, combined with its high tone, its breadth, its noble ideals, and at the same time its very practical value (this latter notwithstanding criticisms and recent developments) could have come only from a mind of the most generous culture and of the keenest analytical power. As an expression of faith in democracy it has put into accessible form the aspirations and the hopes of the best element in America in this dark age of our civilisation. The American people can congratulate themselves that they have produced a genius capable of setting forth their best beliefs so vividly before the world.

Sir Oliver Lodge's New Book

Had anybody but Sir Oliver Lodge written *Raymond,* the world would pay little attention to the book, remarkable as it is in itself. But supported by the authority of so noted a scientist and trained observer as is Sir Oliver Lodge, the book becomes a necessity, even in these troublous times, to thinking people. For Sir Oliver's training, scientific reputation and position in society, all of so high a grade, may be accepted as eliminating any possibility of deliberate deceit and, to a high degree of probability, any errors or exaggerations in his observations and statements. He is Principal of the University of Birmingham, he has received the honourary degree of Doctor of Science from six universities, including Oxford and Cambridge, and he has been President of the British Association, President of the Physical Society of London, and President of the Society for Psychical Research. Therefore his latest book, *Raymond,* in which he brings new evidence (and to himself and many of his followers, conclusive evidence) of the survival of personality after death, is of the greatest importance in the history of psychical research.

Raymond was Sir Oliver Lodge's youngest son and a lieutenant in the British Army. He served at the front from the early spring of 1915 until the middle of September of that year when he was killed by a shell fragment. Before his death Sir Oliver received a warning from a medium in this country which he did not at the time thoroughly comprehend. After his son's death, many and very full messages have been coming through different mediums, both to Sir Oliver and to members of his family, from Raymond and from others of the spirit world who knew Sir Oliver and his son. Many of those messages are of strict evidential character and appear to have been given by Raymond for the explicit purpose first of convincing his sceptical family and then of enabling his father to write this very book for the establishment of his identity to the

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world. In fact Sir Oliver firmly believes that Raymond is actively engaged in an effort to bring the spirit world closer into touch with the human plane and to make intercourse between the two easier and more valuable. And with Sir Oliver Lodge's unquestionable probity, his scientific training, his exhaustive analyses of the messages and the carefully drawn conclusions based only on strictly evidential data, it is difficult longer to deny sympathetic effort toward an understanding of these spiritual phenomena.

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As a conclusion of the whole matter, Sir Oliver sums up with this:

I am as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. It may be said, you cannot be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions, he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ: the dynamical theory of heat, for instance, and of gases, the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity—I am reasonably convinced of the existence of grades of being, not only lower in the scale than man but higher also, grades of every order of magnitude from zero to infinity. And I know by experience that among these beings are some who care for and help and guide humanity, not disdaining to enter even into what must seem petty details, if by so doing they can assist souls striving on their upward course. And, further, it is my faith—however humbly it may be held—that among these lofty beings, highest of those who concern themselves directly with this earth of all the myriads of worlds in infinite space, is One on whom the right instinct of Christianity has always lavished heartfelt reverence and devotion.

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Further Testimony

"In spite of occasional fraud and wild imaginings, there remains a solid core in the whole spiritual movement which is infinitely nearer to positive proof than any other religious development with which I am acquainted." So writes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in an article commended by Sir Oliver Lodge and published in the London Spiritualist weekly, *Light*. Sir Arthur's leaning toward Spiritualism, we learn from this new article, dates back thirty years. He tells us that he is one of the oldest members of the Psychical Research Society. But we do not recall any statement of his views so sympathetic with Spiritualist doctrines as that contained in the present article. It may be noted that while the name of Conan Doyle was made famous as that of a novelist, the bearer was a physician before he was a writer. He was at one time senior physician at the Langman Field Hospital in South Africa.

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The days are past, Conan Doyle maintains, when the considered opinions of such men as Crookes, Wallace, Flammarion, Lodge, Barrett, Generals Drayson and Turner, Sergeant Ballantine, W. T. Stead, Judge Edmonds, Vice-Admiral Usborne Moore, the late Archdeacon Wilberforce and a cloud of other witnesses, can be dismissed as negligible. The time has come when "further proof is superfluous and the weight of disproof lies upon those who deny."

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The New Sargent Painting

Serials are not confined to literature, nor even to words. A magnificent one in paint by John Singer Sargent, has been running on the walls of the Boston Public Library for over twenty-two years, and the new installment which has just appeared is also marked "To be continued." One wonders whether future generations will gape with awe at the many years over which the making of these decorations has been spread, as we do over Lorenzo Ghiberti and his gates, or whether they will remember the numerous portraits which Mr. Sargent has managed to produce in the same period. There is a flavour of sophistication in the work which will be apt to nip any growing legend in the bud. Yet this flavour could hardly be washed away, from any

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THE MESSIANIC ERA—"THE HEBREW MESSIAH AS PROPHESIED, LEADING HIS PEOPLE TO THE NEW PARADISE." (THE RETURN TO EDEN)

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point of view. Done with the simple flavour of Signorelli, the green demons of the new "Hell" and "The Judgment" would be unendurable in a modern library. And some more scholarly and eclectic touch seems needed to complete the pale classicism of Puvis de Chavannes and the glowing mediævalism of Abbey on the floors below. It is when this sophistication flowers in Hebrew inscriptions, involved symbolism, and three-dimensional tangles of figures that it calls forth the most opposition. But, surely, in a high, narrow hall, little frequented except by people who have come expressly to study the pictures, the accepted canon of mural painting (the most arid piece of intellectualism in all art) may for once be set aside, leaving the artist free to make as large a demand for close attention and careful study as he is willing to risk. Two of the new panels, at least, "The Messianic Era" and the "Madonna of Sorrows," are of unforgettable beauty; and "The Passing of Souls to Heaven" is especially interesting for its exploitation of the æsthetic possibilities of the dollar sign.

RAYMOND LODGE

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Mr. Howells's Anniversary

On March first Mr. William D. Howells celebrates the eightieth birthday in a life as full of interest and achievement as any American of literary ambitions can well envy. Mr. Howells started his career as an editor at the age of twenty-

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one on the *Ohio State Journal,* of Columbus; later he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* then of *The Cosmopolitan* and finally an editorial writer for *Harper's Magazine.* He was our Consul at Venice from 1861 to 1865, but otherwise has not served in public office. His greatest work is, of course, as a creative literary artist, and he may be considered the most faithful interpreter of American life of the last generation. Mr. Howells is now the sole surviving figure of importance linking our own day to that group of literary giants associated with New England that is fast becoming a tradition. With his many books he has contributed vitally and significantly to our growing National literature. In this issue of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. Hamlin Garland describes some of his recollections of the Howells of earlier years. A critical study of Howells's work by Alexander Harvey, associate editor of *Current Opinion,* is announced for publication this season.

HAMLIN GARLAND IN 1887, THE YEAR OF HIS FIRST MEETING WITH MR. HOWELLS

From the Heart of Russia

Stanley Washburn, American, correspondent of the London *Times* at the Russian front and only newspaper man to have a complete access to the Slavic lines during the great campaigns of the last two years, has returned to his home here for a rest during the winter lull. Mr. Washburn admits that he had a hard campaign, not the least of which, by the way, was the experience with the Russian forces in Rumania. He was in Bucharest before either the Germans or the Russians came and was sitting in the garden smoking an after luncheon cigar with American Minister Vopika when the first German air raid on the city was made. Thereafter an air raid followed every day and many unlovely sights ensued. Owing to the condition of traffic Mr. Washburn left Bucharest at the time of the evacuation in his motor car at night, travelling many miles northward until he reached a place where he could ship his car by rail.

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Mr. Washburn has come home a deeper advocate of American preparedness than ever before and at the same time with a deeper feeling of reverence for the spirit of sacrifice for an ideal which permeates all of the allied nations from the highest to the lowest. His new book describing his experiences, *The Russian Advance,* has just been published.

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The Flanders That Was

Ypres, Malines, Dixmude, Nieuport, Coutrai, mean to those who have read the war news faithfully, battles fought and trenches taken and lost again, and they mean little more. But before the war they were centres of the picturesque life of the Flemish people, characterised by quaint, old-world customs, equally quaint, old-world architecture, and permeated, people and stones alike, with the traditions of a thousand years of changing fortunes. In his book, *Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders,* Mr.

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George Wharton Edwards has captured much of this quaintness and charm with his pen and also very happily with his brush and pencil. The drawing reproduced was inspired by that most characteristically Flemish town of Malines.

Malines although near Brussels had, up to the outbreak of the war and its subsequent ruin, perhaps better preserved its characteristics than more remote towns of Flanders. The market-place was surrounded by purely Flemish gabled houses of greyish stucco and stone, and these were most charmingly here and there reflected in the sluggish water of the rather evil-smelling Dyle.

Throughout the town, up to the time of the bombardment, were many quaint market-places, all grass grown, wherein on market days were tall-wheeled, peasant carts, and lines of huge, hollow-backed, thick-legged, hairy horses, which were being offered for sale. And there were innumerable fountains and tall iron pumps of knights in armour; forgotten heroes of bygones ages, all of great artistic merit and value; and over all was the dominating tower of St. Rombauld, vast, grey, and mysterious,

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS IN HIS GARDEN AT KITTERY POINT, MAINE

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STANLEY WASHBURN, AN AMERICAN WHO IS CORRESPONDENT AT THE RUSSIAN FRONT FOR THE "LONDON TIMES," AND SOME RUMANIAN REFUGEES

limned against the pearly, luminous sky, the more impressive perhaps because of its unfinished state.

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Here it was that Cardinal Mercier dwelt, the Primate of Belgium whose courageous denunciation of the invaders of his country has aroused the admiration of the whole world, and here, too, was the ancient palace of Margaret of York, wife of Charles the Bold, and the great Cathedral of St. Rombauld—"The great bells of Saint Rombauld!" The beauty of Malines and of the rest of Flanders is gone beyond repair, but thanks to Mr. Edwards some portion of its charm may still delight us and bring refreshing memories to those who have visited this little lost corner of the world.

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Mrs. Burnett "Spiritualizes"

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been accused of more than a passing interest in Christian Science, and also in Spiritualism, and her new book, *The White People,* published this month, will lend strength to that suspicion. This little book tells in the first person and with a distinct atmosphere of mysticism the love story of a young Scotch heiress, brought up in her mediæval ancestral castle. And "The White People" are those of the spirit world who bring her joy and hope. The pictures shown here are those of Mrs. Burnett's home, where the "Secret Garden" is located that gave her the theme of one of her recent novels.

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The War and Journalism

The war has been the ill wind that has blown good to more than one American writer. To none, however, has it brought more varied opportunity than to Isaac F. Marcosson. To begin with, the sinking of the *Lusitania* enabled him to become the biographer of Charles Frohman and achieve a really noteworthy human-interest narrative. Coincident with the gathering of the English material for this book, Mr. Marcosson wrote a series of magazine articles, including an analysis of the British financial situation which the English Government reprinted. It was on his second trip to England and France last summer that he achieved one of the most notable magazine "beats" of the war,—his now famous character study of Lloyd George with its much-discussed message to the

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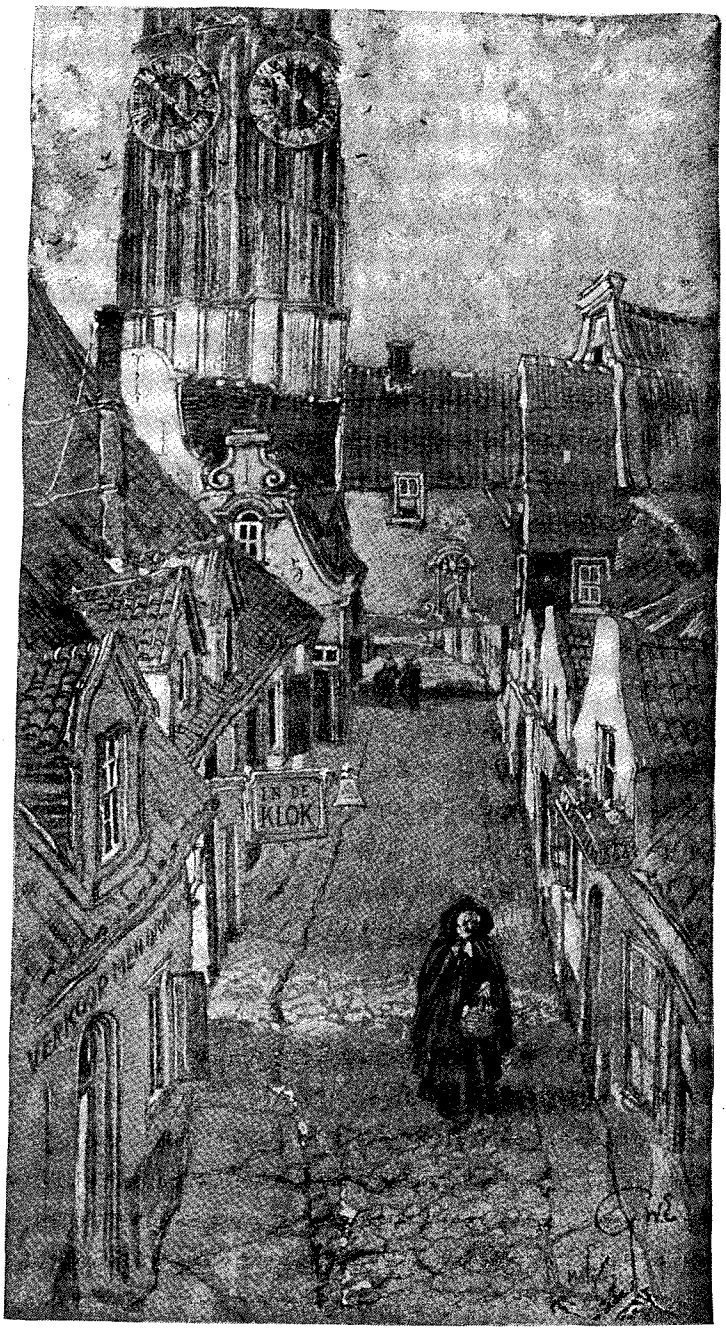

MALINES: A QUAINT BACK STREET. GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. FROM "VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS," BY MR. EDWARDS

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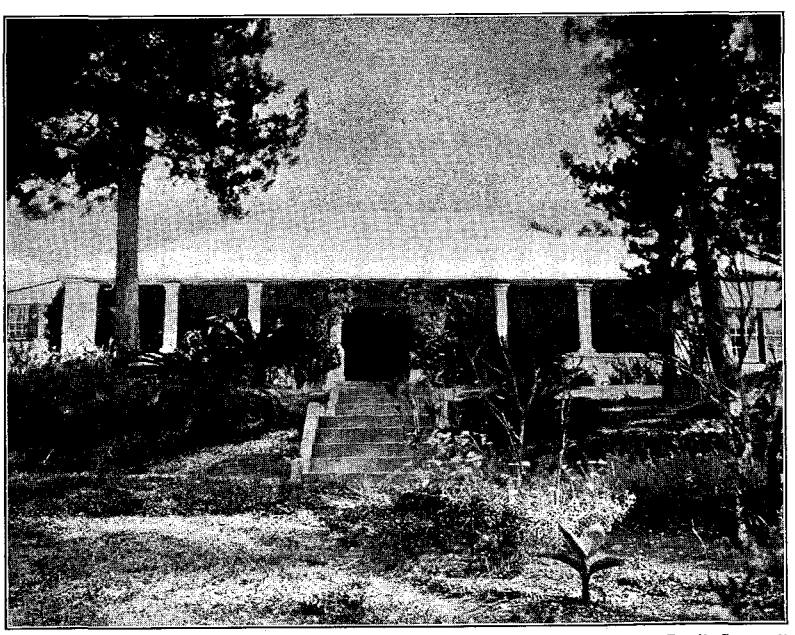
MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S HOME, CLIFTON HEIGHTS



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MRS. BURNETT'S CORAL HOUSE ON HER BIG PLACE IN BERMUDA

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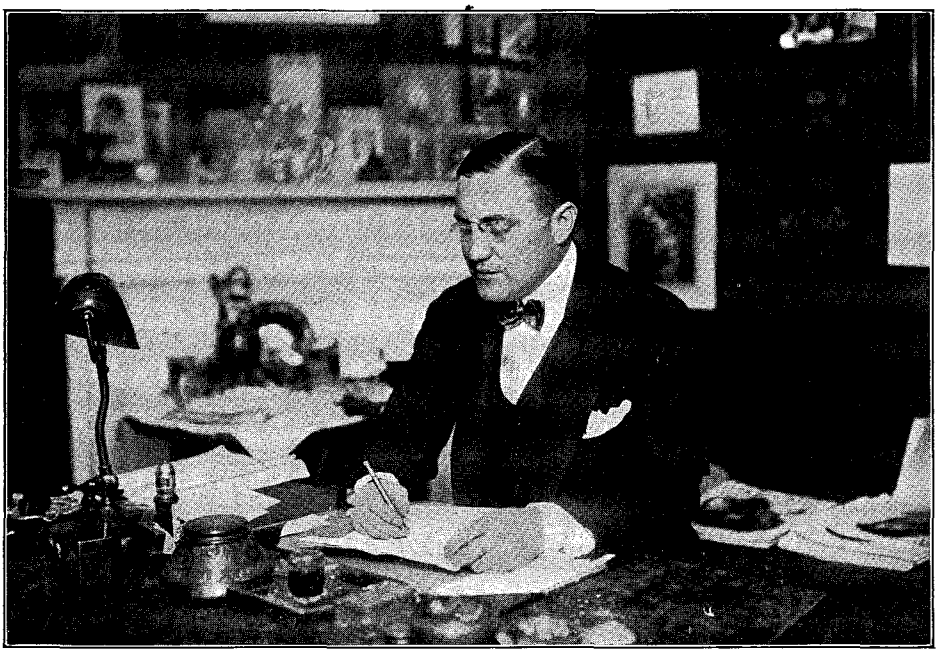

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON, AT HOME IN HIS STUDY

American people. Mr. Marcosson knew at the time that he had secured something very much out of the ordinary, but when he sailed toward the end of September, he did not realise that these farewell words of England's War Chief would go echoing around the world. He was obligated to write his *Saturday Evening Post* articles first, and when they were finished he wrote the Lloyd George article which was to appear December 23d. In this article Mr. Marcosson predicted the fall of the Asquith ministry and the reorganisation of the Cabinet with Lloyd George as Prime Minister of England.

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Isaac F. Marcosson on Lloyd George

Events—both historic and significant—now moved swiftly to fulfill this prophecy. As everybody now knows, the Asquith administration tottered and Lloyd George assumed the stewardship of British public affairs. While he was in the midst of this task came the German Peace proposals. It was Lloyd George's task to answer them and the whole world waited in suspense for his decision. On the very day after Lloyd George's epochal speech in Parliament Mr. Marcosson's article appeared! It not only gave an intimate picture of the man whose name was on every tongue, but it likewise offered the first revelation of his attitude toward America. Extracts of it were telegraphed by the Associated and United Press to all parts of the world and it became an international news item.

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A Friend of David Graham Phillips

Mr. Marcosson was an intimate, personal friend of the late David Graham Phillips, and needless to say, such an intimate association made him one of Phillips's most ardent admirers. Upon his death, Phillips left a large amount of literary material, the last and most important work of which will be published this month in two volumes under the title of *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*. For this issue of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. Marcosson is writing of this, Phillips's greatest book, and of its social significance.

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DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "SUSAN LENOX"

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE day back in the nineties David Graham Phillips was walking down the street in his native town of Madison, Indiana, when he saw a beautiful girl sitting disconsolate in a farm wagon alongside a country lout she had been forced to marry. She presented such a picture of wistful and tragic loveliness that it haunted him ever afterward. To him she was the Embodiment of the Woman of all Time standing at the Crossroads of Fate whose by-paths led to suicide, shame, martyrdom or triumphant rise above it all. Nearly a decade before he stopped the assassin's bullet that ended his life and likewise impoverished American literature to a degree which each passing year makes more apparent, he began a novel based on this episode which the world now knows as *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise.*

Many reasons combine to make its publication an occasion of outstanding literary importance. First of all it is the last extended work by Phillips to reach the public although he might have offered it at any time during the years immediately preceding his untimely death. Yet so close to his heart was the romance of this child of passionate love that he clung to the manuscript with tenacious affection constantly revising, changing, building: always endowing it with greater strength, larger truth, deeper meaning. During its creation he produced and published nearly half a dozen other novels. It was characteristic of the man and his method of work that, to use his own expression, he was always "ten years ahead of the game." With a foresight almost uncanny he seemed to regard this book as the Light which was to emblazon the Social Truth as he saw it from the very housetops.

In the second place, *Susan Lenox* is much more than a mere novel. It is a huge Gash out of Life—a Span of Society that reaches from the dregs to the heights: that encompasses in the growth of a girl from illegitimate birth into rare and constructive womanhood, all there is of that world-old but eternally new struggle against the flings and arrows of convention. Based on uncompromising fact, rooted in episode that found its first printed expression in the Book of Books, stamped with an individuality that was in itself a hallmark of distinction, and illumined by an almost incomparable art, this story is invested with a significance that makes it a thing apart. Why is *Susan Lenox* permanent and significant? You shall soon see.

ART AND TIMELINESS

When David Graham Phillips died in 1911 we were at the high-tide of the so-called "white slave" epoch in our writing. Frank dealing with the oldest human relation which had become a second nature in French literature, suddenly descended upon the American novelist. It was precipitated by revelations of vice and protected corruption in congested centres like New York and Chicago. An old social sore was suddenly laid bare under the searchlight of "investigation." The "timely" novelist got busy and the result was a flood of cheap, fictionised vulgarity masquerading as "sociology" and labelled "books with a purpose." Because they were mere surface scrapings they vanished and were forgotten like foul bubbles on the crest of the mighty Tides of Life. Under that crest lurked the hidden things—shining pools and surging eddies—the Realities and the Truths. But it took a great artist like Phillips to explore and reveal them and he had been delving and thinking and writing long before the

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shallow capitalisers of a sordid moment rushed into print. When he met his fate and the announcement was made that he had left behind—and in its entirety—a massive work that dealt with the social problem the cry, "Another White Slave book," rose up. When it did not appear at once there was an impression in some quarters that it had come too late to profit by the sex agitation.

As a matter of fact, *Susan Lenox* was to have appeared serially almost immediately after Phillips's death but the magazine publishers feared for its frankness and hesitated. When, after a delay of five years, they began its fragmentary publication the response was swift. Even these disjointed installments gripped readers with such a sense of candid and convincing truth and above all with such a realisation of wondrous and unsullied womanhood behind the narrative, that the story was hailed as a refreshing draught after years of polluted air generated by professional sex-reformers and hasty, commercialised booksmiths. Now appears the whole novel in two satisfying volumes that set up a milepost in the advance of our literature. In their richness of detail, their searching insight into causes and effects, their calm and comprehensive understanding of those things which the world delights to misjudge, they render an educational service infinitely more beneficial than years of hectic sex discussion.

The interesting thing (not surprising, of course, to those who knew Phillips) is that *Susan Lenox,* conceived and written years before the outbreak of the movement that happened to have the social problem as its motive, anticipated all that this crusade had in view and interprets it in such a big way as to make all similar undertakings of the past seem merest pretence, and render future imitation difficult. In this respect David Graham Phillips's history simply repeats itself, for he was always the prophet. With *The Deluge,* for example, he forecasted the whole era of financial muckraking which punctured swollen fortunes and revealed the skeletons in corporate closets: in *The Second Generation* he showed up the injustice and the abuse of large inheritances, and so on down the long list of his books. But more potent than all this is the disclosure of *Susan Lenox* which "places" for all time, the status of the woman of the streets—what lurks behind her, what shining vista may lie before her.

At the very mention of "a woman of the streets" you can see thin-skinned respectability shrink: hear the outraged protest of smug convention. Yet she has been in many books from the immortal narrative of the Magdalen down to Susan Lenox. The trouble has been that the average novelist, seldom seeing above his own stature, has employed her as a cloak for pruriency: as a speeder-up for sensational effect. He has used her as a medium to exploit himself: as a selling point for his wares. But Phillips, on a canvas that comprehends all Love, sees in her the vehicle for a message that demanded genius to create. Always the gloried reporter, he builded it out of actuality and stimulated it with his vision. When all is said and done, Susan is merely the expression of a larger condition which lies, not at the root of Sin, but at the very foundation of Society itself. She is the Child of Shame whose life becomes a Rebuke to Shame.

It is no very far stretch from Hawthorne to Phillips. They had a common kinship of courage: a community of principle that made each the pioneer and the pathfinder. The sacrifice of Hester Prynne on that smaller altar of New England Puritanism was but the distant gleam of the immolation of Susan Lenox on the broader but equally burning Coals of Modern Life. They were both of the Sisterhood of the World's Condemned who are always the target yet who can never strike back. Hester Prynne was the victim of her own action. Like millions before and after, she trusted a man. Susan was the innocent symbol of a sin that was visited upon her—the ancient sin of the father. Susan triumphed over the circumstance

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that dragged her for a time through the mire. She was in—but not of it. She "dipped but she did not drop." Her whole career, her "Fall and Rise" as Phillips has so admirably reversed it, is therefore a human document (sometimes very inhuman), so compelling in its interest, so daring in its unfolding, yet manifestly so logical in its development that it becomes at once a piece of literature and a mirror of the times. Now you begin to see why *Susan Lenox* is more than a novel: why it has a social, human and economic significance that lifts it to the high places.

THE GIRL AND HER STORY

Susan Lenox was born out of wedlock in Sutherland, a small Indiana town on the banks of the Ohio River. Her mother paid for her with her life and she dies steadfastly refusing to reveal the name of the child's father. In this refusal you get the first glimpse of Susan's character. She was her mother's daughter in all that faith and courage imply.

"Our character," says Phillips, "is ourself, is born with us, clings to us as the flesh to our bones, persists unchanged until we die. But upon the circumstances that surround us depend what part of our character shall show itself." In these lines he rears the signboard that points the path of Susan Lenox for she defies circumstance and rises serene amid the encircling horrors. She grows up beautiful, appealing and unconscious of the social stain in her life. When the truth about her birth is brutally broken by a jealous cousin she has only one wish and that is to get away. Even then the desire for independence, which became her passion, flamed up. She runs away, is brought back, and is forced by her relatives into a marriage so hideously revolting that she escapes from matrimonial prison on her wedding night. She is only seventeen when the Temple of Innocence crashes about her. This child in years and experience becomes a bird of passage doomed from that hour to flutter in a world of hunters. Often her wings are bruised, her plumage soiled, her body prostrate. But her resolution never falters and she soars again.

The bigness of *Susan Lenox* lies in the fact that Sutherland might be any town: that the sin of Susan's parents is the heritage of many of her sisters: that the sacrifice and suffering she was compelled to undergo is the universal penalty that compromise with convention exacts. But the woman who is Susan Lenox is not any woman. She is a super-person. Just as the man who fashioned her into fiction was the product of his century so was Susan the fruition of generations of courage and character that rose supreme above the difficulties that gripped her at every turn of her life. Never was a girl so beset by fate; so dogged by destiny. It is part of the perfection of her characterisation that whatever she did had ample justification. She was crucified on the cross of a man-made system in which the strong and the cruel win. She was "like an angel that had lost its birthright through no fault of its own." She fell only when the other alternative was suicide or starvation. She sold her body but she never sold the unconquerable thing which was her spirit and herself. She was trailed in the dirt but she emerged clean. She was a flower that flourished amid filth.

You find the manifestation of this extraordinary detachment all through the chain of events that for drama alone makes this book vivid and compelling. That Susan walks the streets of Cincinnati, plies the oldest profession in the world in New York, goes to Europe as the mistress of a rich and influential politician are all part of the Progress of this Twentieth Century Pilgrim through the Valley of Experience to the Summits of the Sun. Without expressing the phenomenon of a dual personality she is two distinct beings. Physically she lived one life. Mentally and spiritually she prepared to dwell in another. She studied, worked, pondered. "Awake and live!" was the eternal cry

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of this child-woman. When she had paid the price that the struggle to live exacts and had become the great actress who stirred audiences with the magic of her art, you know that she has merely come into her own. You realise instinctively that every scar on her body contributed to her development as unerringly as did all the hideous and scorching travail through which she rode. If Susan Lenox had failed you would have been surprised: if she had remained amid the terror and tragedy of the tenements where she sought refuge you would be disappointed. Such is the tribute that your understanding pays to her fortitude and her purpose.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF SUSAN LENOX

The deeper you probe into this novel the more profound becomes its social significance. Susan is the medium through which all her sex gropes for the truth of life. She finds it at dreadful cost. The qualifying thing about Susan Lenox is that she is intelligent. While she toils in a box factory, eking out a wretched livelihood in the slums, she wonders why all the squalour about her exists. The mental armour which was to be her bulwark and her spiritual salvation, begins to form. The why and the wherefore of life come trooping in. Here is a glimpse into her mind:

Ideas beyond her years, beyond her comprehension, were stirring in her brain, were making her grave and thoughtful. She was accumulating a store of knowledge about life; she was groping for the clue to its mystery, for the missing fact or facts which would enable her to solve the puzzle, to see what its lessons were for her. Sometimes her heavy heart told her that the mystery was plain and the lesson easy—hopelessness. For of all the sadness about her, of all the tragedies so sordid and unromantic, the most tragic was the hopelessness. It would be impossible to conceive people worse off; it would be impossible to conceive *these* people better off. They were such a multitude that only they could save themselves—and they had no intelligence to appreciate, no desire to impel. If their miseries—miseries to which they had fallen heir at birth—had made them what they were, it was also true that they were what they were—hopeless, down to the babies playing in the filth. An unscalable cliff; at the top, in pleasant lands, lived the comfortable classes; at the bottom lived the masses—and while many came whirling down from the top, how few found their way up!

The blacker the night about her the more clearly she saw the light ahead. She found philosophy in the gutter; reason amid ruin; and because of this she survived where countless others might have perished.

THE QUESTION OF RIGHT AND WRONG

Phillips is never more earnest or convincing than when he discusses the problem of right and wrong. A pitiless but plausible revelation of things as they are has always made his books significant, sometimes historic. *Susan Lenox* is a notable manifestation.

When Susan begins her underworld life in New York she automatically becomes a cog in the gigantic system of police graft. Out of her contact with it Phillips makes this observation:

Anyone disposed to be critical of police morality in this matter of graft would do well to pause and consider the sources of his own income before he waxes too eloquent and too virtuous. Graft is one of those general words that mean everything and nothing. What is graft and what is honest income? Just where shall we draw the line between rightful exploitation of our fellow-beings through their necessities and their ignorance of their helplessness, and wrongful exploitations? Do attempts to draw that line resolve down to making virtuous whatever I may appropriate and vicious whatever is appropriated in ways other than mine? And if so, are not the police entitled to their day in the moral court no less than the tariff-baron and market-cornerer, the herder and driver of wage slaves, the retail artist in cold storage filth, short weight and shoddy goods? However,

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"we must draw the line somewhere," or there will be no such thing as morality under our social system. So why not draw it at anything the other fellow does to make money? In adopting this simple rule, we not only preserve the moralities from destruction but also establish our own virtue and the other fellow's villainy. Truly, never is the human race so delightfully, so unconsciously amusing as when it discusses right and wrong.

The Phillips who speaks here is the Phillips of *The Cost, The Plum Tree,* and *Lightfingered Gentry,* but a more matured, a more worldly-wise man. It is his swift sense of epigram, always shot through with bitter truth, that causes Susan to fling this retort at the Salvation Army lass who warns her that the wages of sin is death:

"The wages of sin is death, but—the wages of sin—well, it's sometimes a house on Fifth Avenue."

Here you have the David Graham Phillips who flouted hypocrisy, who despised artifice, who wrote fearlessly and unafraid. Because he had no illusions about the type of woman,—"the sheltered female,"—whose instinct is to hide behind the ramparts of her sex, he makes Susan fight life as a man and on the man basis, "getting hardened up to the point where she could take part in the cruel struggle on equal terms with the men. It wasn't their difference of body any more than it was their difference of dress that handicapped women: it was the idea behind skirt and sex and she was getting rid of that." And get rid of it she did. Without it her story might have been labelled "The Fall of Susan Lenox." With it she triumphed over disaster: it made possible her Rise. Get the final picture of her and all that it means. Out of the bondage of the body has emerged the supreme artist of the spirit—the living harmony that is the aftermath of her years of discord:

Everything and every being that is individual in appearance has some one quality, trait, characteristic which stands out above all the rest to make a climax of interest and charm. With the rose it is its perfume, with the bird, perhaps the scarlet or snowy feathers upon its breast. Among human beings who have the rare divine dower of clear individuality the crown and cap of distinction differ. In her—for me, at least—the consummate fascination is not in her eyes, though I am moved by the soft glory of their light, nor in the lovely oval contour of her sweet healthily pallid face. No, it is in her mouth—sensitive, strong yet gentle, suggestive of all the passion and suffering and striving that have built up her life. Her mouth—the curve of it—I think it is, that sends from time to time the mysterious thrill through her audiences. And I imagine those who know her best look always first at those strongly pale lips, curved in a way that suggests bitterness melting into sympathy, sadness changed into mirth—a way that seems to say: "I have suffered—but, see! I have stood fast!"

Can a life teach any deeper lesson, give any higher inspiration?

A TRAGIC PARALLEL

There is a phrase of *Susan Lenox* with a meaning more poignant than the revelation of Susan herself. It is one of the many aspects of this book which, viewed in the light of the author's death, invest it with an almost uncanny coincidence. In creating one of the characters—second only in importance to the heroine—David Graham Phillips wrote an unconscious autobiography of himself even to the manner of his wicked taking-off. The man Susan Lenox really loved, who transfigured her character, who was both inspiration and ideal, was the playwright Robert Brent. He was a sort of virile Clyde Fitch. But in those large and comprehending qualities that made him truly great he was more of David Graham Phillips than anyone else. The whole manner of his life and work: his spacious outlook, his contempt for small things, all suggest the real personality that lies behind the story. Somewhere in *Susan Lenox* Brent describes genius in this fashion: "As soon

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as we are born our eyes are operated on so that we shall never see anything as it is. The geniuses are those who escape the operation or are re-endowed with true sight by experience." Phillips had this second-sight and because he had it he was able to produce a work of the massive proportions of *Susan Lenox*.

There is still another striking autobiographic revelation of Phillips in the way that Brent indicates the quality that spells achievement. "Only the few who can stand being alone, ever get anywhere," says he. "Everything worth while is done alone. The big battle—it isn't fought in the field, but by the man sitting alone in his tent, working it all out. The bridge—the tunnel through the great mountains—the railway—the huge business enterprise—all are done by the man alone, thinking, plotting to the last detail. It's the same way with the novel, the picture, the statue, the play—writing it, acting it—all done by someone alone, shut in with his imagination and his tools."

The tragic parallel between Brent and Phillips continues to the very end when violent death marks them for its own. In the book Brent is assassinated in the very flower of his career but his work goes on and the instrument of its interpretation is the woman who fell and rose. In real life Phillips was the victim of a murderous maniac yet his work likewise lives, each year bringing a larger appreciation of its bigness and vitality and with it an increasing sense of his loss.

SEX AND SENSIBILITY

Susan Lenox will doubtless be the storm-centre of a controversy such as no book has aroused since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is the frankest statement of the sex case yet made in our literature but it bears none of the taint that usually attaches to such performance. With the gift of prophecy which was his birthright Phillips himself shaped the unanswerable reply to the critic of his book. The way of it was this: Phillips often set down on paper the first impression of a story in the form of a play because it gave him a better visualisation of the dramatic situations. While he was engaged on *Susan Lenox* he evolved a four-act play entitled *The Worth of a Woman,* which was produced in 1908 at the Madison Square Theatre in New York City. It was one of the many pieces of sustained work that he completed during the heroic labour of writing his masterpiece. This play ran only a few weeks because it was years ahead of its time. When it was brought out in book form the author contributed a foreword which analysed the sex situation so clearly that it may well be reproduced here, first as the provocation for *Susan Lenox,* and second, because I know of no fitter way of ending this attempt at interpretation of what Phillips believed and achieved. Here it is:

Was it not a straw in the wind of these times that no one of any consequence raised the cry of immorality against this play? A few years ago, as to the most important and most interesting subject in the world, the relations of the sexes, an author had to choose between silence and telling those distorted truths beside which plain lying seems almost white and quite harmless. And as no author could afford to be silent on the subject that underlies all subjects, our literature, in so far as it attempted to deal with the most vital phases of human nature, was beneath contempt. The authors who knew they were lying, sank almost as low as the nasty-nice purveyors of fake idealism and candied pruriency who fancied they were writing the truth. Now it almost seems that the day of lying, conscious and unconscious, is about run. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

There are three ways of dealing with the sex relations of men and women—two wrong and one right.

For lack of more accurate names the two wrong ways may be called respectively the Anglo-Saxon and the Continental. Both are, in essence, processes of spicing up and colouring up perfectly innocuous facts of nature to make them poisonously attractive to

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perverted palates. The wishy-washy literature and the wishy-washy morality on which the one is based are not one stage more—or less—rotten than the libertine literature and the libertine morality on which the other is based. So far as degrading effect is concerned, the "pure, sweet" story or play, false to nature, false to true morality, propagandist of indecent emotions disguised as idealism, need yield nothing to the so-called "strong" story. Both pander to different forms of the same diseased craving for the unnatural. Both produce moral atrophy. The one tends to encourage the shallow and unthinking in ignorance of life and so causes them to suffer the merciless penalties of ignorance. The other tends to miseducate the shallow and unthinking, to give them a ruinously false notion of the delights of vice. The Anglo-Saxon "morality" is like a nude figure salaciously draped; the Continental "strength" is like a nude figure salaciously distorted. The Anglo-Saxon article reeks the stench of disinfectants; the Continental reeks the stench of degenerate perfume. The Continental shouts "Hypocrisy!" at the Anglo-Saxon; the Anglo-Saxon shouts "Filthiness!" at the Continental. Both are right; they are twin sisters of the same horrid mother. And an author of either allegiance has to have many a redeeming grace of style, of character drawing, of philosophy, to gain him tolerance in a clean mind.

There is a third and right way of dealing with the sex relations of men and women. That is the way of simple candour and naturalness. Treat the sex question as you would any other question. Don't treat it reverently; don't treat it rakishly. Treat it naturally. Don't insult your intelligence and lower your moral tone by thinking about either the decency or the indecency of matters that are familiar, undeniable, and unchangeable facts of life. Don't look on woman as mere female, but as human being. Remember that she has a mind and heart as well as a body. In a sentence, don't join in the prurient clamour of "purity" hypocrites and "strong" libertines that exaggerate and distort the most commonplace, if the most important feature of life. Let us try to be as sensible about sex as we are trying to be about all the other phenomena of the universe in this more enlightened day.

Nothing so sweetens a sin or so delights a sinner as getting big-eyed about it and him. Those of us who are naughty aren't nearly so naughty as we like to think; nor are those of us who are nice nearly so nice. Our virtues and our failings are—perhaps to an unsuspected degree—the result of the circumstances in which we are placed. The way to improve individuals is to improve these circumstances; and the way to start at improving the circumstances is by looking honestly and fearlessly at things as they are. We must know our world and ourselves before we can know what should be kept and what changed. And the beginning of this wisdom is in seeing sex relations rationally. Until that fundamental matter is brought under the sway of good common sense, improvement in other directions will be slow indeed. Let us stop lying—to others—to ourselves.

If David Graham Phillips needed any memorial it would repose within the covers of *Susan Lenox*. To touch it is to feel a kinship with the cruelties and compensations of the world. The story moves with the majesty of a Wagnerian Cycle, it expresses in print everything that symbolic music transmutes. For it is all Life—all Experience. This is why it is more than a novel—why it is great and outstanding.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

NEAR YARMOUTH

(To Edward J. O'Brien)

THE river holds no more the fishing boats,
For long ago the last one rotted away:
And down its ever-meandering curves of blue,
No masts jut out, eager to fight the spray.

But on dim winter nights,
When two by two the lights
Burn out among the sleepy villages
Which line its banks;
The clouds roll over, heavy ranks, from seaward,
And storm the steep waves of the sky.

These are like scudding barks with hoisted sail,
These are blue fishing smacks, setting forth for the shoal of stars;
Lot Tubman or Amos Barker holds the wheel,
While through the sky before the wind they reel.

And the long lines of rain
Descend upon the earth like ghostly trawl-lines:
But ere the yawning chimneys blow smoke into the morning,
The river sleeps, the boats are gone again.

**This series started in the February* BOOKMAN *with four contributions: "The Return of Jeanne D'Arc," "Moment Musicale," "Shore Grass," and "The Ring and the Castle." The series will continue during the coming year and the poems will be given anonymously at first, and at the conclusion of the series the authors' names will be disclosed. The poems are being written by those leading poets of America whose work stands for the most interesting, the most modern, and, too, the soundest developments in contemporary poetry. Among the contributors whose work will appear during the series are: Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell. Throughout the year during the appearance of the poems, there will be given in* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Brevities Section" pictures and brief biographical notices of all the poets included. The authors of each month's poems, however, will not necessarily appear in that month's "Brevities."—Editor's Note.*

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ROOMS

THERE is nothing on earth more lonely than a room;
Outdoors are stately silent places,
Filled with unchanging friendly faces,
Sharing our triumph or our doom.
But here where four flat walls share everything
With the sunlight filtering through the window-panes,
Life seems a row of black and polished grains
Listlessly slipping down an endless string.

Death paces up and down in each room we have;
Each room is a tabernacle filled with little deaths.
Pale drifting moments! Their enfeebled breaths
Only stirred once, then settled in the grave.
And over them all there broods one changeless thought,
That we too in our time must so pass out;
As passes the light across the walls, without
Full knowledge of the goal it daily sought.

Impulse within a room swings to-and-fro,
Shaping in letters hard and firm and clear,
What all the world that scorns and slips us here
Will never stop to read and never know:—
"Seek God not in the forest but the cell;"
This is the lesson that our rooms can say.
And though your tomb be open every day,
There may be resurrection-dawns to tell.

Who learns to think in rooms will conquer thought;
Who looks at walls will learn of patience' self;
Who keeps a few books, oft-read, on a shelf
Will enter in a kingdom safe, unbought.
Who warms his hands at a grate's glowing breath
Will find the warmth that runs through other hands,
Who enters in a room and understands
And knows that room is life, will pass unmoved through death.

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NOCTURNE OF REMEMBERED SPRING

I

Moonlight silvers the shaken tops of trees,
Moonlight whitens the lilac-shadowed wall;
And through the soft-starred evening fall
Clearly as if through enchanted seas
Footsteps passing an infinite distance away,
In another world, and another day.
Moonlight turns the purple lilacs to blue,
Moonlight leaves the fountain hoar and old,
Moonlight whitens the sleepy dew,
And the boughs of elms grow green and cold. . . .
Our footsteps echo on gleaming stones;
The leaves are stirred to a jargon of muted tones. . . .
This is the night we have kept, you say;
This is the moonlight night that never will die. . . .
Let us return there, let us return, you and I,—
Through the grey streets our memories retain
Let us go back again.

II

Mist goes up from the river to dim the stars,
The river is black and cold; so let us dance
To a tremor of violins and troubled guitars,
And flare of horns, and clang of cymbals, and drums;
And strew the glimmering floor with petals of roses
And remember, while rich music yawns and closes,
With a luxury of pain, how silence comes. . . .
Yes, we have loved each other, long ago;
We moved like wind to a music's ebb and flow
At a phrase from the violins you closed your eyes,
And smiled, and let me lead you . . . how young we were!
Waves of music beneath us dizzied to rise.
Your hair, upon that music, seemed to stir. . . .
Let us return there, let us return, you and I.
Through changeless streets our memories retain
Let us go back again.

III

Mist goes up from the rain-steeped earth, and clings
Ghostly with lamplight among drenched maples trees,
We walk in silence, and see how the lamplight flings
Fans of shadow upon it . . . the music's mournful pleas
Die out behind us, the door is closed at last,
A net of silver silence is softly cast
Over our dreams . . . slowly and softly we walk,
Quietly, with delicious pause, we talk,
Of foolish trivial things, of life and death,
Time and forgetfulness, and dust and truth,—
Lilacs and youth.

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You laugh, I hear the after-taken breath,
You darken your eyes and turn away your head
At something I have said—
Some tremulous intuition that flew too deep,
And struck a plangent chord . . . to-night, to-night,
You will remember it as you fall asleep,
Your dream will suddenly blossom with sharp delight. . . .
Good-night! you say. . . .
The leaves of the lilac softly dip and sway,
The purple spikes of bloom
Nod their sweetness upon us, and lift again,
Your white face turns away,—I am caught with pain,—
And silence descends . . . and the dripping of dew from the eaves
And jewelled points of leaves.

IV

I walk in a pleasure of sorrow along the street
And try to remember you . . . the slow drops patter,
The mist upon the lilacs has made them sweet,
I brush them with my sleeve, the cool drops scatter,
And suddenly I laugh . . . and stand and listen
As if another had laughed . . . a fragrant gust
Rustles the laden leaves, the wet spikes glisten,
A shower of drops goes down on stones and dust.
And it seems as though it were you who had shaken the bough,
And spilled the fragrance—I pursue your face again,
It grows more vague and lovely, it eludes me now.
I remember that you are gone, and drown in pain.
Something there was I said to you, I recall,
Something, just as the music seemed to fall,
That made you laugh, and burns me still with pleasure. . . .
What were the words—the words like dripping fire? . . .
I remember them now, and smile, and in sweet leisure
Rehearse the scene, more exquisite than before,
And you more beautiful, and I more wise. . . .
Lilacs, and spring, and night, and your clear eyes,
And you, in white, by the darkness of a door. . . .
These things, like voices weaving to richest music,
Flow and fall in the cool night of my mind,
I pursue your ghost among green leaves that are ghostly,
I pursue you, but cannot find. . . .
And suddenly, with a pang that is sweetest of all,
I become aware that I cannot remember you;
The beautiful ghost I knew
Has silently plunged in the shadows, shadows that stream and fall.

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V

Let us go in and dance once more
On the dream's glimmering floor,
Beneath the balcony festooned with roses.
Let us go in and dance once more. . . .
The door behind us closes
Against an evening purple with stars and mist. . . .
Let us go in and keep our tryst
With music and white roses, and spin around
In lazy swirls of sound.
Do you foresee me, married and grown old? . .
And you, who smile about you at this room
Dizzy with whirling dancers—is it foretold
That you must step from tumult into a gloom,
Forget me, love another, grow white and cold?
No, you are Cleopatra, fiercely young,
Laughing upon the topmost stair of night;
Roses upon the desert must be flung,
It is your wish. . . . Above us, light by light,
Weaves the delirious darkness, petals fall,
They fall upon your jewelled hands, they tremble upon your hair,—
And music breaks in waves on the pillared wall,
And you are Cleopatra, and do not care. . . .
And so, in memory, you will always be—
Young, and foolish, a thing of dream and mist;
And so, perhaps, when all is disillusioned,
And eternal spring returns once more,
Bringing a ghost of lovelier springs remembered,
You will remember me.

VI

Yet when we meet we seem in silence to say,
Pretending serene forgetfulness of our youth,
"Do you remember . . . but then, why should you remember! . . .
Do you remember a certain day,
Or evening, rather,—spring evening long ago,—
We talked of death, and love, and time, and truth. . . .
And said such wise things, things that amused us so . . .?
How foolish we were, who thought ourselves so wise!"
And then we laugh, with shadows in our eyes.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF MILITARISM: ITS EXPONENTS AND ITS CRITICS

WITH AN AMERICAN CONNOTATION

BY WOODBRIDGE RILEY

FIVE thinkers stand forth as exponents or critics of the metaphysics of militarism. The exponents are, German: Hegel, the pope of speculation who once ruled his faithful followers from the class room to the bureaucracy; Nietzsche, the mad philosopher, whose doctrine of the unmoral Superman is embodied in ruthless Prussia; Treitschke, "our great national historian," as the Kaiser called him, who transmuted Hegel's "Empire of the Air" into "Germany over all." The chief critics, as is to be expected, are French: Émile Boutroux, dean of the living philosophers, interpreter of the doctrine of liberty and individualism; Henri Bergson, Boutroux's colleague, author of the famous *Creative Evolution*. These two men, both visitors to America, have explained the reaction of the Gallic mind—spiritual, creative, free—against the crushing mechanism of the Teutonic overlordship.

Hegel needs a Homer to do him justice, to sing his Ulyssean wanderings through space and time. His enormous *Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences* is an inchoate Odyssey, a vast metaphysical map, containing all the possible forms of thought. His *Philosophy of History* presents these forms, these categories in motion—Greece, for example, representing thought, Rome action, Germany the combination of the two. With the technical interplay of thesis and antithesis in the absolute philosophy we are not concerned, except to note that the inevitable synthesis of excellence is ever claimed for Hegel's country and Hegel's compatriots. This is the heady draught, the mixture of strong drinks that went to the head of the absolutist's followers. As a synthetic formula it is pushed to incredible extremes. Seeking for a "fundamental principle which unites and reconciles all oppositions and contradictions," and carrying his philosophy of history into the philosophy of religion, Hegel gravely propounds this statement: in the cosmic unfolding, Greece is the Father, Rome the Son, and Germany the Holy Ghost.

After such a debauch of thought, Germany suffered for a time from an Hegelian headache, but the thirst for mixed metaphysics could not be overcome. "What is that one grand Idea to which every phenomenon and historical event may be traced?" they asked. Nietzsche essayed to answer, and, in a series of works as light in touch as Hegel's were heavy, expounded his doctrine of the Superman. It is a difficult doctrine, where great wits are akin to madness. Nietzsche may have been insane, but his irritability and ego-mania were symptomatic of more than his ancestry. Some say that it is false to represent him as an advocate of the arrogant and unscrupulous Superman, because he was personally scrupulous, and because he was no Superman, but only a pathetic seeker after health. But the invalid had his ideal, an ideal compounded of the qualities which he himself lacked. The contrast between reality and theory is tragic. At school he was a retiring student, yet there he wrote "Combat is the food which gives strength to the soul." At the prime of life, when he could not stand the Prussian climate and Prussian ugliness, he sought the sun of Italy and its monuments of art. Yet, at that very time he expatiates upon the Superman, that "blond barbarian of the North, who

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would sweep over the civilised world and destroy temples, churches and institutions."

Nietzsche's interpreters have failed to point out this tragic paradox, this irreconcilable antithesis between that which he was and that which he wished to be. But the philosoper's sister, despite her very loyalty to her brilliant brother, has inadvertently disclosed the secret. She refers to a photograph of Nietzsche as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian War, yet recognises how a painful disability—an inherited eye strain—prevented him from being aught but an ambulance nurse. All this is meant to point out his physical, not his spiritual limitations, for he who was to embody in years of suffering the will to overcome pain, now contracted camp diseases, which impaired his health for life. Nevertheless, this is the moment when Frau Förster Nietzsche says that her brother gained his first inkling of his characteristic doctrines. She recounts how on a certain evening, at the close of a very heavy day with the wounded, he suddenly heard a roaring noise as of thunder, and a magnificent cavalry regiment—gloriously expressive of the courage of the exuberant strength of the people, flew by him like a luminous storm cloud. "Then," Nietzsche confessed, "I felt for the first time, dear sister, that the strongest and highest Will to Life does not find expression in the miserable struggle for existence, but in a Will to War, a Will to Power, a Will to Overcome."

There is a pathetic wistfulness in this description; at the same time, it contains the key to Nietzsche's philosophy of life. That philosophy begins with the past, with prehistoric man, who "hath won all his virtues from the wildest, most courageous beasts;" it continues with a denunciation of the "placid happiness of the herd;" it ends with the prophecy of the Superman engaging in vast hazardous enterprises "with a conscience of steel and a heart of brass." Between these two extremes, the past and future, stands Nietzsche—impotent in body, powerful in mind—smashing at the dearest idols of the present bourgeois world. Now despite the attempts of critics to bowdlerise his works, we take this to be a summary of his opinions: that he held democracy an abomination since it is a cult of incompetence, and the gospel of love despicable since Christian morality is slave morality. This impression is gathered not only from scattered phrases, but from the very titles of these books, whose author believes there is no law for the overlord, because he dwells in the realm "Beyond Good and Evil," and no limit to the "Will to Power," because "the soul has skill to pluck out of battle, sweet and glorious truths."

This is Nietzsche's ideal of militarism. Whether considered a cause or an effect, a disease or a symptom, such an ideal was impossible of realisation. The two volumes of his sister's remarkable biography show this. In the one, the "young Nietzsche" is described as full of fire and self-reliant as a young lion; in the other, the "lonely Nietzsche," because of his nervous irritability, is cut off from one friend after another, from Richard Wagner to the faithful Rohde.

Like the man, like the nation. Nietzsche's overlord, writ large, makes the pan-German; his individualism, magnified, makes an insufferable people. It is an easy moral to draw, that as "young Nietzsche," the philosopher, became the "lonely Nietzsche," so the "young Siegfried" nation will find itself socially ostracised. We prefer not to draw the moral, but to adorn the tale of Teutonism. Of Germany as superhumanity, as superior to all others in manners, customs and arts, of this let Treitschke sing; Treitschke, as stone deaf to other nationals as he was physically deaf to his audience in the great Aula in the University of Berlin. There he stood forth a colossal figure with knightly frame. The contrast with Neitzsche is striking. When the latter painted the Superman with the strokes of an artist, Treitschke magnified it beyond measure. The overlord is no longer modelled after one of the Medici, but becomes a

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coarse bodied Bismarck. And the chancellor's policy of ruthlessness is now taken over. When Fichte dismissed the German youth to the "Holy War" against Napoleon, Treitschke, in his speech to the students going to the Franco-Prussian war, adjures them to win at any price. Now Treitschke had come to Berlin—under Bismarck's patronage—because "empty headed liberalism" was gaining ground. His strictures upon that liberalism are illuminating. Attacking the "Sunday afternoon preachers" on politics, he asserts that socialism cannot be convinced by reason, but must be suppressed by forcible laws, that international law is mere hypothesis, Belgium and Holland being its chief centres because of their fear of attack; that the Alsatians are a deluded people who do not know what is good for them; that the strengthening of Prussia is the supreme national duty; that deeds of violence are expiated in being committed; in fine, that war is a moral necessity, an ordinance of God.

These are the authentic utterances of the Kaiser's favourite historian. And the nation also learned its lesson. Veritable echoes of this teaching are a commonplace of the present struggle, from the admonitions to the soldier in the trench to possess a heart of steel, an iron will to win, to the statement of Governor-General Von Bissing that the Belgians are "politically undisciplined children."

Now the Germans, by implication, are disciplined. How the powers that be accomplished this is a paradox. They not only led the horse to water, but they made him drink. They did this by holding up as a counterpart of the Superman, the ideal of the Super-state, the familiar Hegelian synthesis being enlarged from the one to the many, from the individual to the whole. Thus the state becomes a gigantic entity, its body a people in arms, its brains a coldly calculating beauracracy. The body does not think, it acts. What it is told to do, it does. From peasant to poet, all obey typewritten orders; on the one hand, battle, murder and sudden rape; on the other, hymns of hate. And even the so-called intellectuals act automatically. The embattled professorate start shooting their metaphysical machine guns. After that come "reasons" for the Belgian atrocities, strangely illogical gas bombs, whose fumes make our eyes water and render us incapable of seeing the connection between "Serbia started the trouble," and "Germany is waging a war of self-defense." How can a part be greater than the whole? How can such mental processes take place? The answer is from the mechanisation of the German mind. For two generations and more those below have been made to think by those above. The gears have been shifted by a higher hand. The outward result has been a fine regularity. But while the traffic control of Teutonic thought has been a cause for astonishment, the overhead expense has been enormous. The old individuality of Goethe and Schiller has disappeared; in its place has arisen a fatal uniformity. Pull the same levers in the machine called Deutschthum and you get the same results—from Hanover to Hoboken, a nation of faithful flivvers—"my subjects," as the Kaiser calls them.

What a contrast! In the good old days there used to be differences of opinion. Now there is a monotonous similarity of sentiments; "civilisation ends at the Vosges;" "France is decadent;" "Britain is filled with the lust of power;" "America cares only for money"—all Germans sound their horns alike. And the mechanisation has gone further. The parts of the machine are interchangeable. From the professor at Harvard to the porter at the Ritz, all fit into their appointed places. Moreover the parts can be duplicated unto the third and fourth generations. Treitschke feared that a German who became a Yankee was lost to the Fatherland. He was too pessimistic. He did not know the hyphen; he would have been cheered had he found how little is the difference between the "Münchner bube" and the Milwaukee brewer's son.

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The machine is really remarkable; cylinders with but a single thought; pistons that beat as one—all are but parts of one Teutonic whole.

This is the machine. Can it be smashed? Physically the job has not yet been accomplished, but intellectually the task is begun. Here the French are leaders. Bergson in a recent essay has expounded the mechanisation of the German State, but prior to that, Boutroux explains the state of mind which made that process possible. In a letter addressed to the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* early in the war, the French savant explains what is meant by a state of learned barbarism. What is it, he asks, which has made a nation which our grandparents admired and loved, a creation "contrary to nature" in the Latin sense of the word? Can we resolve the antithesis between the old and the new; between duty for duty's sake and a scrap of paper; between marvellous music and the bombardment of Rheims's cathedral? It is an insufficient answer to say that despite their science, the Germans are only slightly civilised. The true explanation is found in the saying of La Harpe: "There is a learned barbarism." This means that it is not merely by an explosion of his nature that the German in war is inhuman; it is by order. Brutality is here calculated and systematic. It is not in spite of their culture, but in virtue of it, that they act as they do. Even Fichte, in 1808, voiced the German egotism in his famous "Address to the German People." That nation, he reasoned, which is of pure Teutonic essence, compared to the outsider, is as the good to the bad. And Hegel carried out the implications of this doctrine. To him history meant not merely a succession of events that mark the life of humanity, but the judgment of God concerning the competitions of peoples. All that is, seeks to be and to endure, and struggles to impose itself on others. History tells us that such are the men and the things that Providence has selected. The sign of such selection is success. To subsist, to grow larger, to conquer, to dominate—that is the way to prove that one has faith in one's thought, that one is the dispenser of one's power. If any people appears as designated by history to dominate the others, it is that people which is the lieutenant of God on earth, even God, visible and tangible for his creatures.

This is the first lesson in the gospel according to Hegel. The second, continues Boutroux, is that the actual existence of a people charged to represent God is not a myth; that such people does, in fact, exist, and that the German people is that people. It is unnecessary to go into the re-editing of German history from the victory of Arminius over the Romans in the Teutoburg forest to the latest lucubrations of that renegade Englishman, Austin Chamberlain. The syllogism is perfect, though the sentiments may be absurd. Force is strong, great force is noble, all powerful force is one with the Divine force; now, science brings force, and Germans are scientific; therefore, Germany is set to accomplish the task of God on earth. This is the positive side of the logical cascade; the negative is like it. Pity is weakness: suppress it; treaties are trammels for God's people: disregard them. In place, then, of sentimentality, employ scientifically organised incendiarism, methodical destruction of monuments, and—Boutroux might have added—efficient deportation of Belgians and unrestricted submarine sinkings. In fine, then, the people of God allies the maximum of science to the maximum of barbarity, and the formula of its action may be thus expressed: "barbarism multiplied by science."

The French critic is severe, but no more severe than the case demands. He applies the acid test of logic and acid burns; and in doing this, he suffers in turn. He recalls a visit to Heidelberg in 1869, when he was sent to study the organisation of German universities. To him, at that time, Germany was the land of metaphysics, of music, of poetry. What was his astonishment to see that,

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outside of the courses, there was nothing talked about except the war which Prussia was going to make against France. Yet even then there were two parties: that of Treitschke, with the watch-word "Liberty through Unity," which premised the enrollment of Germany under command of Prussia, in view of a war; and that of Bluntschli, with the watch-word of "Unity through Liberty," which contemplated the unity of German states without the overlordship of Prussia. The Prussians won out. Nevertheless, is it now possible that Germany has gone back to the very cross-road at which she stood before 1870, and that, this time, she will engage upon the other part? Is it true that "the best things have to die to be reborn," and that the Germany which the world has respected and admired only *seems* dead?

There is a note of hope in the final queries raised by the French scholar. So is there in the essay of his colleague Bergson, though the path of redemption as portrayed is marked by painful steps and slow. In a short but brilliant essay, Bergson asks what is the "Meaning of the War?" The answer is, "It is life and matter at war." Following the suggestions raised in his famous *Creative Evolution,* the philosopher shows that the normal process of life is to make a choice and to adopt a lasting form, the alternative lying between the mechanical and the spiritual. Now a day came when Germany had to choose between a rigid and ready-made system of unification, mechanically superposed from without, and the unity which comes from within by a natural effort of life. This meant a choice between an administrative mechanism, into which she would merely have to put herself—a complete order, doubtless, but poverty stricken, like everything else that is artificial—and that richer and more flexible order which the wills of man, when freely associated, evolve of themselves.

The choice Germany took is familiar to all, says Bergson, and came to a head in Bismarck. Artificiality marked the creation of Prussia. She was formed by clumsily sewing together, edge to edge, provinces either acquired or conquered. Her administration was mechanical; so was her army on which the attention of the Hohenzollerns was concentrated. Whether it was that the people had been drilled for centuries to mechanical obedience; or that an elemental instinct for conquest and plunder, absorbing to itself the life of the nation, had simplified its aims and reduced them to materialism; or that the Prussian character was originally so made—it is certain that the idea of Prussia always evoked a vision of rudeness, of rigidity, of automatism, as if everything within her went by clockwork, from the gesture of her kings to the step of her soldiers.

As time went on, continues Bergson, the mechanical tendency was intensified. Germany, instead of dissolving Prussian militarism into her own life, reinforced it by militarising herself. A further development arose in diverting science to the satisfaction of men's material wants. The old Germany devoted herself to poetry, to metaphysics, the new to industry and commerce. The latter growth was phenomenal. The nation had now but to utilise her habits of discipline, method, tenacity, minute care, precise information—and, we may add, of impertinence and spying—to which she owed the growth of her military power. . . . Reciprocally, the army and navy, which owed their growth to the increasing wealth of the nation, repaid the debt by placing their services at the disposal of this wealth. They undertook to open roads for commerce and outlets for industry. Finally, Germany persuaded herself that if force had wrought this miracle, if force had given her riches and honour, it was because force had within it a hidden virtue, mysterious—nay, divine. Yes, brute force with its train of trickery and lies, when it comes with powers of attack sufficient for the conquest of the world, must needs be in direct line from heaven and a revelation of the will of God on earth. The people to whom this power

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of attack had come were the elect, a chosen race by whose side the others are races of bondmen. To such a race nothing is forbidden that may help in establishing its dominion. Let none speak to it of inviolable right! Right is what is written in a treaty; a treaty is what registers the will of a conqueror—that is, the direction of his force for the time being; force, then, and right are the same thing; and if force is pleased to take a new direction, the old right becomes ancient history and the treaty, which backed it with a solemn undertaking, no more than a scrap of paper.

Many years hence, concludes Bergson, when the reaction of the past shall have left only the grand outline in view, this perhaps is how a philosopher will speak of it. He will say that the idea, peculiar to the nineteenth century, of employing science in the satisfaction of our material wants had given a wholly unforeseen extension to the mechanical arts and had equipped man in less than fifty years with more tools than he had made during the thousands of years he had lived on the earth. Each new machine being for man a new organ—an artificial organ which merely prolongs the natural organs—his body became suddenly and prodigiously increased in size, without his soul being able at the same time to dilate to the dimensions of his new body. . . . Now what kind of a society would that be which should mechanically obey a word of command mechanically transmitted; which should rule its science and its conscience in accordance therewith; and which should lose, along with the sense of justice, the power to discern between truth and falsehood? What would mankind be when brute force should hold the place of moral force? What new barbarism, this time final, would arise from these conditions to stifle feeling, ideas, and the whole civilisation of which the old barbarism contained the germ? What would happen, in short, if the moral effort of humanity should turn in its tracks at the moment of attaining its goal, and if some diabolical contrivance should cause it to produce the mechanisation of spirit instead of the spiritualisation of matter? . . . Germany decided to make the experiment, to ally administrative and military mechanism with industrial mechanism, but the result was very different from what had been predicted. For the moral forces, which were to submit to the forces of matter by their side, suddenly revealed themselves as creators of material force. A simple idea, the heroic conception which a small people had formed of its honour, enabled it to make head against a powerful empire. At the cry of outraged justice we saw, moreover, in a nation which till then had trusted in its fleet, one million, two millions of soldiers suddenly rise from the earth. A yet greater miracle: in a nation thought to be divided mortally against itself all became brothers in the space of a day. From that moment the issue of the conflict was not open to doubt. On the one side, there was force spread out on the surface; on the other, there was force in the depths. On one side, mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries; on the other, life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. On one side, that which used itself up; on the other, that which does not use itself up.

This is the "Meaning of War" as interpreted by the author of *Creative Evolution*. To that interpretation is added another brilliant article contributed to the *Bulletin of the Armies of the Republic* on "The Force which Wastes and that which does not Waste." Space forbids our utilising this, as we must summarise the whole situation as to the French and German thinkers, and add a word concerning Americans. In brief, we see that France and Germany have exchanged their respective speculative rôles. A century ago France stood for materialism: "man is a machine," "the brain secretes thought," these were catchwords of the day. Across the Rhine there was an opposite outlook. Fichte, and again we quote from his "Address

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to the German People," exclaimed, "Yours is the greater destiny to form an empire of mind and reason, to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world." This exhortation was directed against Napoleon, who, in turn, despised the French idéologues, then coming forward as the champions of the new spiritualism against the degrading sensationalism, derived from the old system of nature. But while, again, in France eclectics, like Cousin and Jouffroy, took over and clarified the early German idealism, in Germany that idealism was prostituted to the notion of conquest. The romantic movement, which in its purity all love and all delight to honour, made an amazing marriage with materialism until, as Gustav Roethe has recently boasted: Just as Bismarck was altogether unthinkable without Goethe and romanticism, so sure may our opponents be that Faust and the Eroica, the categorical imperative and German grammar, are fighting against them at this time as certainly as Krupp guns and Zeppelin airships. . . . Powder and books are both German inventions. Pallas Athene does not carry helm, spear and shield for naught.

This combination of metaphysics and militarism, of intellect and physical power, is a combination obviously made in Germany. In America such a combination seems impossible. By a curious irony of fate, we have the two opposite tendencies, but not the synthesis. There are two conceptions that struggle within us. On the one hand a conception of America as "God's own country," ruled over by manifest destiny: superior because successful; on the other hand, unaggressive America, the melting pot whose task is to work out the nation's salvation; a country by no means superior to those over its border because it is of itself politically corrupt; in short, bound to be pacifist, because it has troubles of its own. This, as William James would say, is the attitude of the tender-minded. To the tough-minded the conception forms a kind of humble pie which they do not propose to eat. They do not relish it because it savours too much of a flabby pacificism, a sappy socialism. Hence those of the aggressive American type look back to the good old days of "Imperialism," when we took what came our way outside our borders, and within our borders exploited the masses and let the public be damned. At present—under certain political exigencies—the shouting of our captains of industry has died down; the old guard, if it has not surrendered, has been replaced by the leaders of "the new freedom." Politically, this group utilises publicity rather than hard cash, the bill-board rather than the bank account. They hold that all that is necessary is to send out notes, to use phrases;—"watchful waiting," "out of the trenches by Christmas," these are masterpieces in the psychology of advertising.

Philosophically, all this is akin to the so-called "new thought" which assumes that ideas are realities, that thoughts are things; that because one holds a notion, that notion is bound to come into being. Instead of facts, facts, facts—words, words, words. Project your ideas of the good, the true and the beautiful, and so forth, and you will become the same, and so forth. Perverted German idealism, high flown bureaucratic pronouncements have nothing on us. We also hypnotise by iteration, and have so organised the project that we have added the methods of Wall Street to our "new" metaphysics. For a consideration, we can obtain from the new thoughters of Chicago and Boston messages of gladness in the morning, and health waves in the evening. There are actually lists of subscribers for the new thought quotations. All this to the tender minded, is the victory of idealism over materialism. But the tough minded ask, "At what expense?" The German bureaucracy fools the people. The American people fool themselves. Is your body run down? Then dwell on pink thoughts for pale people. Is the body politic in danger? Then concentrate on the sign inscribed, "Peace, prosperity and preparedness."

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ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE AND THE WAR

BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

To a novelist who lays the scenes of his books in the English country, it is a speculation not altogether free from alarm how the war and what is to come after it will change the familiar face of things. Will the life of the Hall, of the parsonage, of the farm-house and the cottage go on much the same as they actually have done during all the changes of the last century, or will these three terrible years have made such a break that a novel of country life which shall be at all true in circumstance will inevitably date itself as belonging to the period before or after the war?

One thing at least is certain—that for at least a generation to come no story that is told about the lives of a group of people, gentle or simple, who inhabit an English village will be able to ignore the war. Death or disablement will leave gaps and scars everywhere, and among the young men advancing to middle-age, and the middle-aged men becoming old, there will be few to whom the war will not count as the chief event of their lives. Just how much it will have to count in any picture true to life which shall not be directly concerned with events springing out of the war, it is not yet possible to see clearly, but is interesting to speculate upon. Another matter of speculation is the social changes that the war will have brought about, and these are still more difficult to gauge, and, for a novelist whose chosen business it is to reflect the social conditions of his time, perhaps even more interesting.

If I were asked to name the English novel which best represented English country life, I think I should say *Adam Bede*. It was written in the middle of the nineteenth century, and its scene was laid at the end of the eighteenth, but in its essence it is true to the life of the twentieth. For the essence of country life, where so many factors are constant, does not change. Brought down to the simplest form, the English parish and its inhabitants consist of the Squire in his Hall, the parson in his Rectory or Vicarage, the tenant farmers and the cottagers. You may add the village inn, and some small shops; and there will usually be on any considerable estate a few residential houses, small or medium-sized. With the exception of these last, everything and everybody was at one time supported by the land of the parish or estate. It is so no longer. No landed estate in England could now support the life that is lived by the least luxurious of landowners, as well as that of the comfortably housed tenant farmers, the labourers, and those others who live by supplying their wants, even given that the houses all of them live in are there as an asset, and need only be kept in repair.

In this respect no greater changes need be expected as a result of the war than have been going on for many years past. Landowners who still live in the houses of their fathers do so by virtue of income derived elsewhere, and the same may be said of those who have taken their places. No one would invest money in a landed estate with the expectation of living on it or by it. Houses and estates are bought for other reasons, by men who can afford them. Sales will probably be more frequent as a result of the war, but they will be made for the same reasons, by those who can no longer afford to keep up life in a country house to those who can. Now when a country estate changes hands, the life of the great majority of those who live on it does not change. If the land does not

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actually support the farmers and labourers who work it, as it still does in most cases, the deficit must be made up by the landowner. The church also has its endowment, and the State provides the education of the children. There remains then only the Squire and the life of the Hall to be considered.

I doubt whether the purchase of an old landed property by a "new man" makes much more difference to the people who live on it than its handing down from one generation to another of the same family. Changes there must be in either case, but the business of the estate goes on as before. To the tenants it is chiefly a question as to whether more or less money is spent in running it; but, as things still are in English country life, it is also a question of the amount of human sympathy that exists between themselves and the landowner and his family. Changes may be for the worse, but they may also be for the better in this respect. It is more in connection with country neighbours of the same standing that the difference is felt between the old and the new.

But here comes in the outstanding fact that has kept English country-house life so much more unaltered than, I think, any other kind of life not immediately dependent upon primary conditions, and immeasurably more so than the life of cities during the same period of change. People buy or rent country houses, and live in them just because the basis of leisured life in and about them remains the same as it always has been, and is what the average Englishman likes best in the world. The "new man" does not change the habits and customs of the country, if he is unused to them. He adapts himself; or if he does not, his sons and daughters do. In a generation or two the new becomes old in its turn, and so the tradition goes on. When I said at the beginning that a novelist might view the changes that are coming not without alarm, I only meant that the difficult question of how far he must for some years take account of the war as having happened remains a problem to him. Personally I do not expect any startling social changes, and those that I think I see coming will be all to the good in preserving that fascinating atmosphere which I find so beautifully captured and presented in *Adam Bede*.

There will be less money, and life will be simpler. That will certainly be to the good. The charm of country life has never been more universally felt than of late years. It would now be hardly possible to find a rich Londoner, for instance, who would be content with being only a Londoner; and the enormously increased facilities of transit, which have changed the character of English life more than anything else, have only had the effect of spreading this love of country life, while leaving it less changed than is usually supposed. But there is a great deal of difference between using a country house as an occasional toy—skimming the cream off the pleasures it affords—and living in it as a home for the greater part of the year, as was the custom with all but the richest a generation or two ago. The lesser landowners and their families will probably be forced to live more continuously on their estates than they have done, and to reduce their pleasures more to what a country gentleman's pleasures were when he found them immediately around him. And the rich men of the towns will be less rich, and less ready to rent a large country house for the sake of a few weeks' shooting in the year, especially as game-preserving on the scale on which it has come to be practised will most likely be made impossible by a new sense of the value of English land.

That is a large question by itself, but to anybody who loves the old fashion of English life, in which sport was the chief recreation of the country gentleman, but not the be-all and end-all of his existence, the change back will commend itself. To go out with dogs and a gun and a few friends, and to lunch simply on the warm side of a hedge, is to feel more of the delights of country existence than to drive from one beat

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to another in motor-cars, with a handsome collation to divide the morning from the afternoon, and to travel back to London by an evening train. Fox-hunting, too, which used to be a democratic sport, has tended to become less so owing to the amount of money spent on it. It will only be carried on in future with the active co-operation of the tenant farmers, who will be more encouraged to join in it. And this will bring the different classes which make up the rural community closer together. It is this bringing closer together of all its various elements from which I believe country life will most benefit as a result of the war. If it is effected to the extent that I think it may be, it will be a big thing for England.

English novels must have made it plain to Americans who have no first-hand knowledge of English life how different social conditions are in rural England from those in the United States. In England, differences of education, environment, habit of living, and to a lesser extent of birth, divide the richer from the poorer, and these are barriers which will never be broken down as far as one can see ahead. In the closer life of cities stratification is almost complete. But in country life there have always been bridges, less effective than in the towns, for leading from one class to another, but far more effective in providing flow for human sympathy and understanding. Heaven knows that the English Squirearchy has been blind enough in its dealings with those who are dependent upon it for their livelihoods. Wages and housing conditions have been thought good enough for the agricultural labourer which are a crying shame to our civilisation, and are so still in many parts of the country. At the same time it is not to be denied that between the old Squirearchy, living on its acres, and its tenantry, there has been a kindly feeling which has in fact kept the whole system alive. You get a pleasant picture of it in the earlier scenes of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*—another novel which delightfully presents the essential flavours of English country life. It may be agreed that charity, even when it is not merely the charity of the pocket, does not make up for injustice, and the agricultural labourer would be better off if he had learned to combine against his employer as the town labourer has done. But when human kindliness has been so great as to have kept together a system no longer economically sound it must greatly sweeten life where it is justly applied. The tradition of it still exists in the country, while in industrial life it has almost disappeared, and under conditions of life after the war it may be hoped that it will be strengthened.

It may perhaps seem odd that the English agricultural labourer should have kept any independence of soul in the conditions under which he has lived. But he does partake of the nature of a true peasantry, which finds self-respect in doing the primary work of the world and being content with it. He is removed poles apart from his employer in all secondary social conditions, but in essentials each of them recognises his common manhood. And the war has tested this manhood as no other experience could have done. They will all have gone through it together, the young men from the Hall, the Rectory, the farmhouses and the cottages; those of them leading whose right to lead has always been acknowledged, those following who have learned to do so. When they settle down again to their country work and their country pursuits, and grow older together, there will be more to bind them than there was before, though there has always been a good deal to bind them in human sympathy, when the Squires have lived in their houses, and not let them to chance tenants. The women, too, will have waited and sorrowed together, and their common humanity will lessen their sense of social difference.

It may well be hoped that in the changes which will be brought about from an increased national feeling for the value of the soil and the work done on it, the agricultural labourer, who will

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so well have proved his manhood, will get a better chance. From the novelist's picturesque viewpoint it need not be desired that he shall be lifted out of his condition of peasantry. But a sturdy self-respecting peasantry need not be apologised for as a merely picturesque survival; it is a state of life as admirable as any other, and perhaps more admirable than most. Few of us in this complicated world are our own masters, and service need not mean servility.

"JOHN BARLEYCORN" UNDER PSYCHOANALYSIS

BY WILFRID LAY

I

THE keynote of Jack London's writings, and particularly *John Barleycorn,* is manliness. "The first thing that the harpooner, aged nineteen, and the sailor, aged seventeen, did to show that they were men was to behave like men. The harpooner suggested the eminent desirableness of a drink." A quietly maturing male human will gradually grow into manhood and take the social responsibility of manhood in organised human society, by becoming a gear wheel in the social machine and not make a loud scraping noise in doing so. He will not suddenly and spectacularly shout, full lunged, that he is a man. Of course he is a man and just for that reason there will be little exhibition of the fact. On the contrary, Jack London is impressed with the fact that at the age of fourteen he is a man and tells it emphatically when, at the age of thirty-seven, he publishes *John Barleycorn.*

There are, however, two types of manhood, the noisy and the silent. To Jack London and those of his type of manhood, being a man means accepting what fate has given but not without plenty of outcry at the time, being willing to forget the incidents, but not being glad to forget the pain which accompanied them. London stresses the pain. "I shuddered and swallowed my gorge with every drink, though I manfully hid all such symptoms." Othello, a type of sheer masculinity, tells of the "disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field" at the request of Desdemona's father; but one does not get the impression that he stressed much the "moving" nature of the accidents; and similarly Hamlet speaks of the true manliness of Horatio as that of one "That fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks." There is an evident difference between these Shakespearean types of manhood and Jack London's.

In the language of the newer psychology, psychoanalysis, an exclusively man's man is called "homosexual" which signifies that such a man takes more than the average satisfaction from the company, and in the activities, of men. Similarly a woman who has little interest in men and at the same time is exclusively occupied with feminine pursuits, shutting out men from her life, is a homosexual woman. The extremely homosexual man never marries, except in the most businesslike manner, the homosexual woman almost never.

Pairs of closely intimate men are found to be composed of a man who is excessively masculine and another who is only moderately so. If the latter succeeds in marrying a woman who is less feminine, and more masculine in temperament than he is, then we have a sort of inverted marriage, in which the wo-

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man virtually becomes the husband, and the man, so-called, plays spiritually a feminine part. The same thing can be said of the fate of the extremely feminine woman, who will become homosexual in her tendency toward intimacy with mannish women. The different combinations of masculinity and femininity in the characters of married people cause most of the marital troubles of the world.

Jack London was a man's man, taking extreme satisfaction out of men's company, and exalting man's purely physical performances. A man's man, among other characteristics, rates women, horses, dogs and other animals on much the same level, objectifying them, looking at them all as animals, which is indeed the way he looks at himself. Jack London does not enter into an understanding of women as he does of dogs. In his pages his dogs live; his women do not. He is bored to death by the silly chatter of his own and his friend's women guests. He does not appreciate a woman. He gives us no picture of child, girl, lass or woman that is more than a colourless sketch. And who could expect more from his active type of homosexual? In being an oyster pirate or an able-bodied seaman or a hobo, all of which he becomes for the purpose of demonstrating his manhood among men, what opportunity does he have of knowing much about women? He frankly confesses the awkwardness of his first love-making to Haydee. To be a man he must have a girl, so he proceeds to "get a girl." In this "Arcadian phase of my history" "I didn't know anything about girls. I had been too busy being a man."

Now the man who, like Jack London, is unduly impressed with the revelations of man's character which he gets in saloons, and which is revealed only in the "white light" of alcohol, in the saloon or in the home, is developed only on one side of his character. He may, like London, revel in being a man among men. He may succeed, as does the hero of *John Barleycorn,* in being a leader of men and in making all others his followers. If he can drink buckets of liquor, he thereby demonstrates his superiority and that he must live in a world of inferiors. Some such men will not tolerate in their social life either equals or superiors. There must at once be a contest to find out who is superior. Hence some of the pugilism of to-day and much of its athletics. It is quite as unpleasant for some men, and women, too, for that matter, to find that others are their equals as to find that others are their superiors.

This superiority over others may be either physical or mental. The feeling that one is superior either psysically or mentally may be created by drink. Jack London tells us that he drank to get both kinds of superiority feeling. In him the reasons for drinking change from the purely physical one of showing that he is a man (in the early part of *John Barleycorn*) to the mental one of getting the "kick" as he calls it, from drink, so as to make human society interesting to him. He has little interest, much though he may say about his discovering the "world of mind," in purely intellectual feats. He found that preparation for college was too easy for him, and that the academic professors in the State university could not supply him with the means of writing "1899 stuff." If they had been able to do so, they would have been writers of fiction and not university professors.

Jack London saw life very thoroughly, but was it real life? Is real life entirely exhausted by being a man's man and by physical adventure? Is there no spiritual adventure? There is and Jack London quails before it. His spiritual adventure he calls his "Long Sickness of pessimism" and for that sickness the "White Logic" of drink is his only answer.

An ingenious theory of one of the German psychoanalysts, Abraham, who said that dreams are the myth of the individual, and the myth is the dream of the race, is that fairy tales are invented by the unconscious minds of persons

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who are themselves physical weaklings. The physical weakling, the one pushed to the wall and over-ridden by his brothers and mates, is the one who, if he is to win any victories, must win them in imagination. Those who have little physical strength and who yet have much desire are forced to gain their sense of superiority, so essential to the pacification of the unconscious wish, by means of aggrandising themselves in their own imaginations. They dream of themselves as strong and valiant and victorious, or they must themselves be shrewd and clever and evince a real superiority in the management, cajolery or duping of their physically stronger fellows. The story of "Cinderella" is a little girl's method of getting even with her bigger sisters. "Hop o' My Thumb" is a dwarf's mental way of outmatching all the males in his *milieu*.

According to this principle Jack London never passed that stage of his development where he shouted for joy at finding that he had grown up. Strength is his weakness. He is always seeking to impress the reader with his virility, to show his red blood. He does not try to show his blue blood, but is so fond of exhibiting the red variety that he draws it freely from different parts of his characters' bodies. But if strength is his weakness, it is merely of the physical kind. The moral kind he repeatedly disclaims in *John Barleycorn*, and his solution of the drink question is a complete sidestepping from the moral question. He would have alcoholic liquors completely abolished. He wishes John Barleycorn had been abolished before his time. "The way to stop drinking is to stop it;" that is to legislate it out of existence. London begins *John Barleycorn* by telling the reader that he voted for woman suffrage, and ends by saying that he knew women would stop the liquor traffic as soon as they got the vote.

Novelists are made rich by the desire of men and women to read of the strength of mighty men and the beauty and fascination of women. By the sublimating power of the reader's imagination he is in fancy transmuted into the strength and beauty of hero and heroine. For the time being all readers and playgoers identify themselves with the heroic personages they read of or see on the stage. They get a sense of power from imagining themselves doing the impossibilities of the trick pictures of the films. London, as Martin Eden did on his sick bed before his beloved Ruth, is always getting the reader to feel his biceps. He tells us frequently how strong his digestion is. In all his books he furnishes his readers with a huge amount of strength and endurance to imagine, in which they glory and suffer in turn. And the novel reader identifies himself not only with the heroes but with the heroines and the villains. Each of us has, indeed, in the Unconscious, enough heroism and villainy to match whatever we see embodied in the creations of fiction or drama.

Among these villainies is suicide. At the back of the mind of everyone of us lurks the death wish if we but knew it, death for others as well as for ourselves. In *John Barleycorn* London describes the emergence of the suicide wish into his own consciousness, and in *Martin Eden* he uses it as an element of literary art, as a finale. But the suicide wish, which comes to clear consciousness only in actual or in would-be suicides, is seen in others in a certain kind of ostentatious self-sacrifice. Sacrifice is a noble trait, but it loses its nobility and becomes childish exhibitionism the moment it desires to be recognised by others. "See me die" is not all a death wish, but a wish for a different kind of life. It is a wish for the same kind of power over one's fellows, which the child has when he teases. He does not yet know that the outpouring of his spirit would best be upon the real world of things outside of him. Nor does he know that there is a difference between persons and things as an object of his craving, with the possible exception that he finds persons more mobile than things. The only effect worked by the unconscious craving that

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drives to suicide is an effect upon persons. Things are not affected in the least by suicide, and only a few persons and only for a short time. So in showing us a man in *John Barleycorn* who attempts suicide, and in *Martin Eden* a man who does take his own life, Jack London is giving another example of that youthfulness, not to say childishness, of intellect, which we see in other traits of his.

Such immaturity has been outgrown by everyone who is spiritually adult. The adolescent shows it as one of the phases of adolescence more or less consciously as circumstances differ. The aim of the truly adult is to give all his power to society, to continue to be, as long as he has the strength, a contributor to the forces which make for the advance of society as an organism, to sing in the chorus of life as long as he has the voice, and if possible to train others to take his place. But to leave it or quit it never occurs to him consciously no matter how much he has it in his unconscious mind. How far we have a right to judge of a man by the thoughts he chooses to put in his books is a question depending on how far we believe he has a conscious choice of the ideas which occur to him. Psychoanalysis shows that from one point of view no man has any choice of such ideas.

II

Liquor is to London the manly thing *par excellence,* in that it gives men the excuse for knowing each other. *In vino veritas* was the clever observation of some ancient, but the kind of truth laid bare by wine is not commented on. London raises this adage to a philosophy. Only through liquor can a man experience man's greatest happiness, which is to know men through and through, not mankind, for that implies knowing the soul both of man and of woman. "So I won my manhood's spurs."

Jack London appears to have been more grown up as a boy than he was as a man. His development toward spiritual adulthood was checked if not entirely stopped at the time of his drinking bout with Scotty and the harpooner. As a boy he showed adult traits of adaptation to environment in his ability to drive a bargain, even handling experienced peddlers with skill. "I could even make a junk man weep when I had dealings with him." For a short time he sold newspapers to help along the family income. But suddenly, and mark the irony, just when he was beginning to be a wage-earner and thus an integral part of the mechanism of society, just when he was really beginning to be a man, shouldering with other men the burden of society, just then was the very time when, hearing the maudlin lamentations of Scotty about the "poor old mother in Endinburgh—a lady, he insisted, gently born," he thought that he was becoming a man by throwing off all these relations, which are the most highly organised of all social relations and bursting out into the narrow world of the wide sea. By being a man's man only, he thought he was becoming a complete man. It is almost as untrue as if he thought that by getting "full" he was leading a full life. But on the contrary, by leaving the life of the village and taking up the life of the forecastle, the sailboat and the gunnels, he was narrowing his horizon. Out of sight of land where the physical horizon is the broadest is where the spiritual horizon is the narrowest and where the completest life of humanity is impossible. The seafaring life and the hobo life are both homosexual existences, equally with the monastery.

That later he did marry and have children of his own and a ranch and animals and fields and vineyards is not a proof that he had become fully socialised. He was by nature a rover and the prospect of even fourteen hundred acres and the guests that he could entertain there with lavish hand did not compensate for the "kick" of the cocktail. Humanity which to the lover of humanity becomes even more beloved as time goes on and the foibles are taken with the fortitudes, the facts with the fancies, did

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not satisfy him; and he notes the "mental" need of something, that is, alcohol, to colour the atmosphere for him. He looks back with regret to the numerous "purple" occasions which the white light of alcohol makes for him, and sees before him only dissolution, only the Noseless One, and himself no better than the Italian labourer on his ranch, bent and hardened by toil.

Mental development entirely arrested in childhood results in idiocy. As it is partially arrested or retarded in all men we see the great differences between people in endowment and temperament. Some of the mental qualities tending to connect us with social life are developed in the so-called normal person, and others are atrophied and therefore underdeveloped. One of the qualities possessed in childhood by all humans and by a few retained into adulthood in an extreme degree is called, in psychoanalytic language, Sadism. Named from the noteworthy trend toward the expression of this quality in the works of the Austrian novelist, von Sade, it is the emotional exploitation of cruelty, and specifically the cruelty of man toward woman. When this cruelty is directed upon self, still for the purpose or at least with the effect of deriving a certain pleasure from the pain, it is called Masochism, from von Sacher-Masoch, another Austrian novelist in whose works this form of self-torture is remarkably developed. Both these qualities are normally present in everyone, and the varying proportion, as they develop or are checked in development from childhood to maturity makes the pronounced adult Sadist (like Harry Thaw), or Masochist. The former finds keenest possible pleasure in the pain of others, the latter a morbid pleasure in pain inflicted on himself. Both qualities are present in London in their unchecked condition. He likes to shock people and he revels also in his own human misery. He often speaks of the "sting" of a sensation as well as the "kick" of the drink.

While both Sadism and Masochism are present in the normal human, their presence is most unchecked in children. Their remaining as a trait of the adult is an instance of arrested development, for the most human of us have grown out of them. They are shown in our childhood's torture of animals and of other children. If they remain in us, we like to make our neighbour wince, and we take care to be on hand to see him do it. Now the shocking of our readers is not of such a nature that we can see them wince. Only when we receive indignant letters from them do we perceive that we have inflicted offense, or to use another psychoanalytic expression, "touched their complexes." So that we must rate the writing of shocking literature like some of London's (and Shaw's) as only in a mild degree Sadistic.

In his thoughts of death, the Noseless One, London becomes Masochistic. Unfortunate it was for all of us that the world of mind which began to open to him during the years when he approached academic studies was not investigated deeply enough to show him the satisfaction that comes from purely intellectual activities, a satisfaction which banishes all fear of the Noseless One.

III

London's philosophy is that of the Sea Wolf. His attitude toward women is that of the Sea Wolf himself. He has not passed beyond the sophism that if you scratch a civilised man a savage bleeds forth. The Sea Wolf is a perfect physical animal with no human weaknesses, except that he is not a human at all. To him the multitudinous living things of the sea are morally as valuable as man is. In traversing the same path toward death man is as helpless as are the animals. The Sea Wolf has a mind but no soul. To him a woman is prey to be devoured as one animal does another. A great master of fiction might have created a woman to make a man out of this beast, but it would have required a very womanly woman. It would have required a woman of some

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intellect, as indeed we must imagine Scheherezade to have been in order to avert for a Thousand and One Nights the spiritual death that awaited her. Bestial man is sometimes diverted by intellectual amusements into becoming human man. The Sea Wolf was not diverted by the intellect of Maud Brewster but was averted by the mechanism of the plot as any other untoward event is averted. So we must deeply regret that London's intellectual life was not permitted to develop further. Had he lived to be eighty instead of forty, what might we not have expected from an upward transposition of his great powers! For great his power really was, though exercised on a level all too low. The realm of mind did but intoxicate him, and make him deliberately desire to get drunk. His recognition of the part played in his life by his Unconscious was just beginning. He speaks of the "sleeping dogs at the back of consciousness." He "feels inarticulate affinities with self-conjured non-realities." He "knows monstrous atavistic promptings" and is "composed of all manner of shreds of abysmal and forgotten instincts." "Or rather John Barleycorn sneered for he sat with me there." "At the back of my consciousness something whispered this carousing was not all of my life." "This was the trick of John Barleycorn laying me by the heels of my imagination and in a drug dream dragging me to death."

Thus does he grope to bring into consciousness what psychoanalysis reveals immediately to all its students. Had he himself unaided discovered the principles of the newer psychology, we should have had, but his fate intervened, a creative thinker of the highest order. It is true that he has made a book on what he calls a series of atavistic dreams. *Before Adam* is a creation from alleged dream material of his own of the fancied life of one of his ape-like ancestors, but the modern psychoanalytical viewpoint is quite different, seeing as it does in dreams always a symbolisation of something very different from what they appear to represent. Psychoanalysis would take these dreams, if truly reported, as an indication of some trait of his life at the time when he dreamed them. Jack London professes to take the manifest content of his dreams as such, and weaves out of them a vivid picture of what our remote prehistoric ancestors might have resembled. The psychoanalyst, not having any of his dreams, would infer the state of the development of his unconscious from the nature of the ideas that he expressed in his published writings. He would find clearly indicated the traits of Sadism-Masochism, homosexuality, and extraversion in a high degree, all these being features of the infantility which is the main trouble with us all.

The high degree of extraversion is to be taken in connection with the principle of the newer psychology known as the pleasure-pain principle. A common trait of the spiritually underdeveloped is that which makes one try to raise pleasure to an acme by mechanical aid, or by efforts directed not to the thing which gives pleasure but to the pleasure itself. Through liquor London first found a new realm, namely the masculine, and later, when he had drained that dry of the kind of pleasure that he could extract from it, he used his liquor for the further purpose not only of restoring the "purple" to that kind of experience which had faded, but to ecstacise an already pleasant occasion.

All the sages have represented Pleasure as a thing that can never be caught, though untiringly pursued by all men. The newer psychology expresses the same truth by saying that the pleasure-pain principle (the seeking of pleasure or avoiding of pain) is a lower grade of interest than the reality principle, according to which one is to devote one's activities to producing a change in the external world of reality. Pleasure-pain is, in other words, a psychical quality residing in the ego and is no essential part of reality. It is projected upon reality by mental association. The dissociatedness of pleasure and things is the fact. The association of the two is but

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fancy. The fat caterpillar which causes pleasure on the palate of the South American Indian would cause real pain on mine. The pleasure the Indian gets is a quality of him, not of the caterpillar. London almost discovered that principle in realising that to him at first liquor was a really painful thing. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Now as pleasure is a quality of the ego and not of the objects perceived by the ego, it is true that the intensest pleasures are the most egoistic, and therefore the most anti-social. They are so anti-social that those who devote themselves to pleasures gradually retire more and more from all true social relations and into their own personality.

The newer psychology, according to Jung in his *Analytic Psychology,* agrees with the division of the characters of men proposed by William James in his *Pragmatism.* James spoke of men being divided into the tender-minded and the tough-minded. "The tough-minded is positivist and empiricist." "The positivist is a sensationalist, giving greater value to the specific realm of the senses than to reflection which transcends it. He is a materialist and a pessimist, for he knows only too well the hopeless uncertainty of the course of things. He is irreligious, not being in a state to hold firmly to the realities of the inner world as opposed to the pressure of external facts; he is a determinist and a fatalist, only able to show resignation."

Jack London is tough-minded; but see what a twist drink gives to his tough-mindedness! The tender-minded is an idealist and his flow of ideas is from within outward. He strives to have all things conform to his ideal and wrenches everything to fit these ideals. The tough-minded glories in an ability to wrench himself so as to fit all things, and his Masochism makes him glory in the pain of the wrenching. If the tender-minded philosopher imagines that all things *do* fit his theories, he departs far from reality, spins a cobweb out of his own brain, and in gradually blinding himself to the inadaptability of his ideas to the world of reality, is forced to give up the world of reality and retire more and more into himself. The tender-minded man, projecting his own idealisations upon the world without, must adapt them to it or isolate himself also forever from the world and live within himself alone.

But that is exactly what happens to the tough-minded man, when once he finds out that his pleasures can be intensified by mechanical (or chemical) means. The pleasure which he unreflectingly takes as a quality of the objects which he thinks give him the pleasure he therefore merely mentally associates with the pleasure. This pleasure, which is a projection of himself upon the objects of his perception can be worked (increased or diminished) by narcotics, by excesses. But pleasure is personal; it is only your pleasure which is augmented by your excesses or narcotics, only mine, by my absorptions and dissipations. Thus it is that the man of action buries himself in his actions, loses himself in the fascinating "sting" of existence. Thus the excess of extraversion or utter abandon to physical life has a result analogous to the abandonment of physical life and a full retreat into the spiritual. Just as pleasure, when diminished becomes pain, so does pleasure when pushed too far become pain. And strong drink is and was for Jack London, as he tells us, a means for pushing pleasure to its uttermost limit. And then came the pain of the Long Sickness, which is pleasure exhausted, the cup drained dry. Pleasure being solely selfish, the effort to increase it is introversional, whether the person making the effort is tender- or tough-minded.

Introversion as a single movement of an individual soul is spiritual death. Continued introversion is destruction. So is extraversion death and destruction if it is continued. Only an alternation of the two, deep and rhythmical is the normal spiritual life. A disconnected alternation is also insanity—manic-depressive. The fruits of the introversion have to be brought out and compared

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with reality, and the facts of reality have to be drawn into the soul in order that the soul may live. There are men so excessively and exclusively extraverted, that they are little better than a congeries of activities. Aimless running up and down upon the face of the earth is extraversion gone mad. And yet all hoboes and victims of spiritual tarantism as well as hermits and other voluntary shut-ins are examples alike of introversion.

IV

"The way of the water led inevitably to John Barleycorn." "At last my dream would be realised. I would sleep on the water. And the next morning I would wake upon the water; and therafter all my days would be on the water." With these words Jack London launches himself upon his sea life, being led thereto by the finding of the inmost soul of man—in drink. In saying that the way of the water led inevitably to John Barleycorn he symbolically expresses that his way of life is by way of alcohol. Water is the symbol of life, and his joy in waking upon the water is symbolical of re-birth. By his sea life he is re-made into a man, leaving boyish things. Had he stayed on land and received a social education, he might have become a great cultural writer.

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RUSSIA IN ARMS

II. WAR LITERATURE

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I

WAR STORIES

"It is my profound conviction that all those who write about the war neither *know nor understand anything about it.*" There is a good deal of truth in these words which occur in a letter written from the front by a Russian artillery officer. The great Tolstoy begins one of his Sebastopol tales with the profession that the heroine of his story, whom he loves with all his heart and whom he desires to portray in all her beauty, is Truth. Few of the writers who are responsible for the war literature which for the last two years has been produced in Russia could repeat these words. Written mostly in the safety of the rear, all these stories and sketches discourage one by their noisy patriotism and ready-made psychology. The casual writings of eye-witnesses and participants in the war ring true, but they are fragmentary and sketchy, and utterly fail to give a summary impression of the great and simple thing which war is. The theme is too big and complex, and the most the writers succeeded in doing is to gather episodes out of which the epic of the great war may be built in the future.

An exceedingly small portion of these writings dealing with life and death at the front will outlive this war. Among them will in all probability be some of the military sketches, which have come from the pen of Alexey N. Tolstoy, a young and gifted writer of the post-revolutionary period. His latest work, dealing with the experiences of a Russian submarine crew, is an impressive piece of writing. It is a tale of men struggling amid the "velvety" darkness and the terrible silence of the deep, and also a story of a spirit regenerated and purified by unspeakable sufferings. The following passage from it is symbolic of the attitude toward individualism which the Russian mind is assuming under the influence of the war:

"Andrey Nikolayevich (the central figure of the story) hit his head against the iron roof of the submarine, and two sheaves of greenish sparks flashed before his eyes. Then everything grew dark and silent. One spark, however, remained in his eyes and little by little spread into an even, pale-blue splendour. Andrey Nikolayevich contemplated it a long time.

"Then a restlessness arose in him: it was caused by the sensation of a foreign body within the light. How well would it be if this body dissolved and disappeared, but it did not. . . . The light did not dwindle down, but the joy was gone; the foreign body strangely disturbed and distracted him. Andrey Nikolayevich concentrated his mind and with surprise, which was speedily followed by fear and anguish, he became aware that the foreign body was himself. Then the mysterious light turned into a plain bluish lamp suspended over his berth, and his body began to pain in many places."

II

THE NEW POMPEII

The poets, without distinction of creed or school, have generously, in fact too generously, responded to the call of the war. As a result, the gardens of Russian poetry have been buried, not unlike a new Pompeii, under the lyrical lava of war poems. This poetic chronicle of the great days through which the country is living adds little to the treasure-house of Russian song. Both its artistic value and moral worth are very doubtful.

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Hatred is like unto lust, this robber disguised
as a healer:
May I fore'er be a stranger to joyance of
hatred begotten.

These noble words of a Russian-Armenian poet could be taken as an epigraph to but a small portion of this war output of poetry. In trudging along its dreary stretches, one but rarely comes upon a crystalline lyrical expression of the finer emotions which the war stirred up in the hearts of men. Such is, for instance, this poem by Maximilian Voloshin, written early in the war.

SOWING

'Tis not the tiller
That streaming furrows drives
In chilly glades when autumn wanes,
And in her wounds the Earth
Rejoices not;
'Tis not the plow
That left these gaping traces in the glebe.
Not heavy seeds of golden wheat,
Nor Spring's sweet showers
That fecundate Earth's ever-virgin womb,
But steel and brass,
And living flesh and seething blood
The evil Sower has sown
In handfuls generous,
On days of Wrath and Falsehood.
Ears of Hate
And snakes of chaff
Will spring from out the fields
Of joyless victories,
Where Mother Earth
Was angered by her cruel son.

The war has brought into being a large amount of nameless soldier-songs, popular mourning-ballads and those short, half-improvised folk-rhymes ("chastushki") which have supplanted the old beautiful folk-songs. These artless productions are the literary counterpart of the cheap wood-cuts ("lubki"), which invaded the country with the first rumbling of cannons. Often the only source whence the illiterate peasant draws his information about the world events the greatness of which he vaguely senses, these prints reflect the ideas current in the inarticulate masses about this Second Fatherland War. The main figure which constantly recurs in the "lubki" is, of course, the Teuton, painted blue and provided with the characteristic helmet and the even more characteristic pair of moustaches. The German soldier has supplanted in this primitive art, which has its time-hallowed technique and conventions, the traditional figures of the German apothecary and the German estate-manager. The war has, however, only enhanced the traditional attitude toward the "nyemetz" (German), which is well brought out by an old "lubok," picturing hell. Above the sinner who is most diligently tormented by the devils one can decipher this laconic legend: "Because he is a German."

III

THE BURDEN OF WAR

It is consoling that only a few of the most prominent masters of modern Russian letters have taken part in the literary profanation of the war. Neither Korolenko, nor Gorky, nor Kuprin, to mention only a few great names, have so far attempted the treatment of themes, connected directly or indirectly with the world struggle in which Russia is involved. Some have been completely silenced; others, like Bourget and Barrès in France, have devoted themselves, without great success, however, to publicist tasks; others again hold aloof from the events of the day and continue their work. The only exception is the sensitive and versatile Leonid Andreyev. Although he, too, is trying to wield the sword of the journalist, this has not prevented him from reacting to the new impressions in a manner most suitable to his artistic temperament. He is convinced that it is the duty of the writer in this grave moment to reveal to the masses the profound meaning of the events, to arouse the slumbering and bury the dead, or, as he says, "to place a stone upon the grave of Yesterday."

Leonid Andreyev is responsible for the best war book which has been so far written in Russia. It is *The Burden of*

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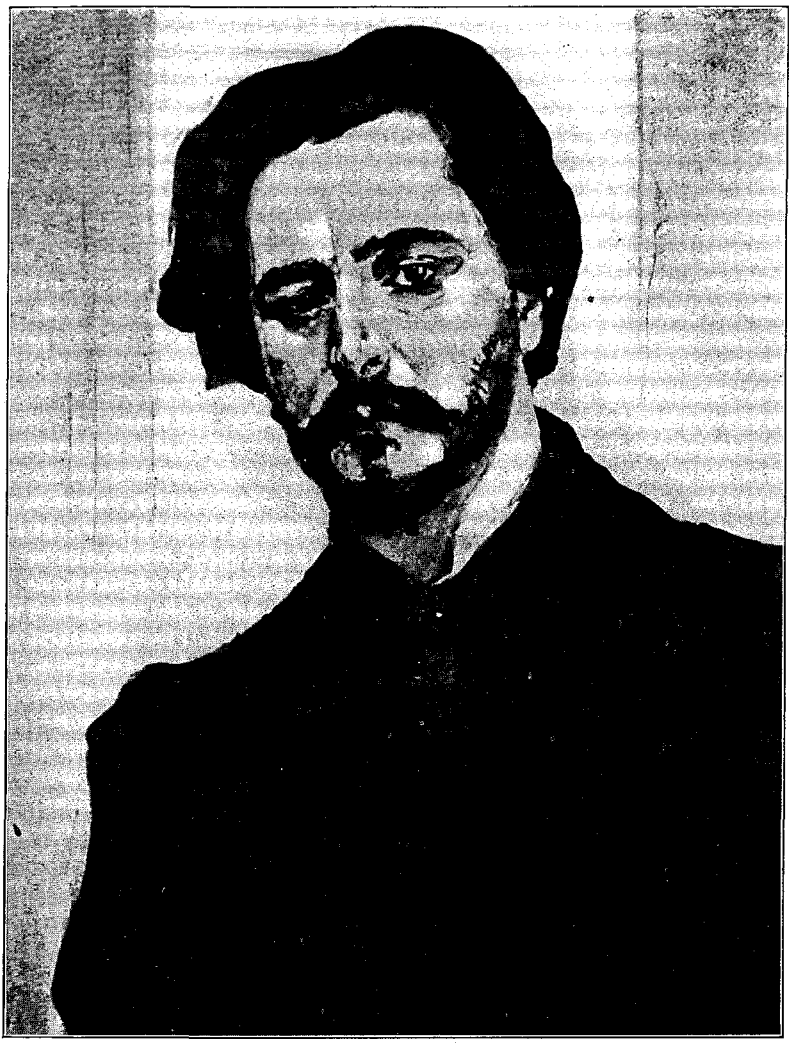

LEONID ANDREYEV. PORTRAIT BY V. SYEROV

War; Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days (English by R. S. Townsend), supposedly a private diary kept by Ilya Petrovich Dementyev, a clerk, in Petrograd, from August 20, 1914, to January 27, 1916. Andreyev, it will be remembered, is the author of another work dealing with war experiences, namely, *The Red Laughter.* There the reader is taken to the battlefield and shown that Armageddon is nothing but madness and terror. In *The Red Laughter,* as in *War and Peace,* the bloody game of kings and nations is viewed from the standpoint of the suffering individual, and the destinies of peoples are measured by the yard-stick of individual morality. Ilya Petrovich, too, begins by viewing war from this angle. He refuses to act the part of a "cell" in the body politic and to be converted into manure "for the nurture of some delicate person of the future." The frankness and clearness with which the Petrograd clerk protests against the Juggernaut of war will find

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a responsive echo in many hearts. But, as the war progresses and lays waste his nest, he sets out on his "journey to Damascus." The hero of the tale is gradually led to discover the majestic reality of his larger self, of "this land we call Russia." "The Golgotha of the individual," to quote a Russian critic, "is merged in the social Golgotha." He prays to God that He should spare Russia: "Not for the sake of our merits, or riches, or might, spare her, oh Lord, but for the sake of our foolishness and poverty, which Thou hadst loved so well in Thy earthly life." Another spiritual crisis reveals to him the mystery of sacrifice and suffering and completely removes from his soul the shell of egotism which has caused him to forget that, as Dostoyevsky has it: "each one is responsible for everybody and everything."

The final note of the diary is one of poignant sadness and mystic expectation. Ilya Petrovich reads in a newspaper correspondence the description of an Armenian woman hanged by her feet. Close to her, on the ground, is her baby, stretching its arms to its mother. She, too, stretched out her arms, but the mother and the child could not reach each other. And the diary ends with these words: "Suffering is universal; hands are outstretched to each other, and when they touch, Mother Earth and her Son, the great solution will come.

THE LEGEND TRANSLATED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH IT IS PLACED ON THE WOOD-CUT (LUBOK):

MANY PEOPLE DID	MANY CITIES DID
HE RUTHLESSLY DESTROY	HE TREACHEROUSLY RUIN
FRANCE, THE CITY	BELGIUM, THE CITY
OF RHEIMS	OF LOUVAIN

THE ENEMY OF HUMAN KIND

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A POPULAR WOOD-CUT (LUBOK): THE AUSTRIAN WAS AIMING AT RADZIVILY, BUT MET HIS FATE ON THE PEASANT WOMAN'S RAKE

. . . The only thing I can ask of Fate is that my suffering and my death should not have been wasted. I accept both submissively. . . . My heart is aglow, and I stretch out my hand and cry: 'Come, let us join hands! I love you, I love you. . . .'"

Unlike Andreyev's previous works the *Confessions* exhibit a touching simplicity and a remarkable directness of style. With an austerity almost ascetic he repudiates the husk of stylisation and all manner of poetic embellishments in which he used to take so much delight. This is unquestionably a symptom of the sobering influence which the war is exerting on the minds of people in Russia.

IV

THE VILLAGE

Andreyev's drama, christened by its English translator *The Sorrows of Belgium* — the original title, borrowed from the Belgian national hymn, is *King, Law, and Liberty*—is admittedly a failure. Its defects are, however, partly redeemed by the author's faith in man's ability to rise to great heights of heroism. On the contrary, Artzybashev's *War,* which is also accessible to the English reader, is a frankly cynical play. The war seems to have produced no change of heart in the author of *Sanine.* Neither he nor his heroes have learned or forgotten anything. Both the wife of the wounded officer, with her sexual attractions, and her mother would be repulsive, if the reader had any faith in their reality. The play cannot be denied a certain dramatic effectiveness, but it is doubtful whether the author had any other purpose than to irritate the people's bleeding wound. Such an occupation is tactless, to say the least. In days when there is so much suffering and sacrifice, an utterance which is not born of an ardent and sorrowed heart, is felt to be an abomination.

Of the works which picture the effect of the new conditions on the different classes of the Russian people—the most interesting are those dealing with the life of the village. The old order of things which found its idealised reflection in the classical literature of the country, is on its death-bed. New economic and social forces are at work in the vast masses of Russia's peasantry. A close observer of Russian rural life compares the period in the history of the village, which began with the Emanci-

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pation of the serfs and was closed with the war, to Israel's journey in the desert on his way to the Promised Land. The Chinese wall which separated the peasant from the rest of the world is disappearing; the village is eagerly assimilating the new ideas which the historical events have introduced into its life.

These confused stirrings of Russian muzhikdom are well brought forth in the sketches of the young writer, Ivan Shmelev, which are collected in a book entitled *Austere Days*. The reader of these sketches is made to see in all their ruthlessness the individual tragedies engendered by the war, as well as the background with which they blend. Shmelev's book, supported by other testimonies, creates the impression that the village is more deeply convinced of the necessity to fight to the end than the city, and has more faith in the final victory. In this book we hear the very voice of true, popular Russia, weary but patient, saddened but sturdy, ever drawing on its inexhaustible stores of faith, vitality and the slow, blind wisdom born of long ages of suffering.

Some of the larger works which have seen the light of the day since the beginning of the war reflect Russia's new interest in the saner and more active views of life. They preach the gospel of a strong and clear mind, which finds its joy in the victories and defeats of an active life. In this respect V. Vinnichenko's tale "I Will" is a sign of the times. A place apart is occupied by a number of novels which deal with the revolutionary and post-revolutionary days, the epoch which now seems to be so strangely remote. It is as if the great conflagration of the old world has lit up not only the present, but also the stretches of the past.

V

AN INTERREGNUM

On the eve of the Great War Russian literature presented the rather piteous sight of an art lacking the sense of life's realities and responsibilities. At that time Neo-Romanticism, the "enfant terrible" of modern Russian letters, was already on its last legs, denied even by its own eerie brood of ego-futurists, acmeists and the like. Yet a large proportion of Russia's literary output continued to be under the spell which had dissolved the universe into a chaotic phantasmagoria, and never was art more completely divorced from life in its saner and broader aspects. The literary current which remained faithful to the commandments of realism was in no better condition. At times, it laboured under the weight of a morbid pessimism, which peopled the world with Goyaesque demons and delighted in sitting among the ashes and industriously scraping with a potsherd mankind's eternal sores; at other times, Russian realism degenerated into spineless anecdotism, the kind of art which creeps into a social group whose beliefs and ideals are in the process of disintegration.

Small wonder then that this literature has not stood the test of fire. It has proved wholly unprepared to meet the demands thrust upon it by the spiritual crisis which the great conflict has brought about. The war-stricken country, thoroughly sobered and endowed with a new will to face and solve the great problems of real life, has no use for most of what before the war enjoyed a noisy and facile vogue among the cultured classes. Most of the antebellum literature has died together with its psychological and social context. But if the old has passed away, the new is slow in coming. How long this interregnum will last is hard to say. The observer of Russian literature since the outbreak of the hostilities cannot help admitting that the creative genius of the country has remained almost unquickened by the momentous experiment through which the world is living. Epoch-making events, it seems, are not necessarily accompanied by epoch-making books. But in Russia, as well as throughout bleeding Europe, men and women eagerly long for the glorious advent of a big-hearted and clear-eyed art, which would be a well for the thirsty and a granary for the hungry.

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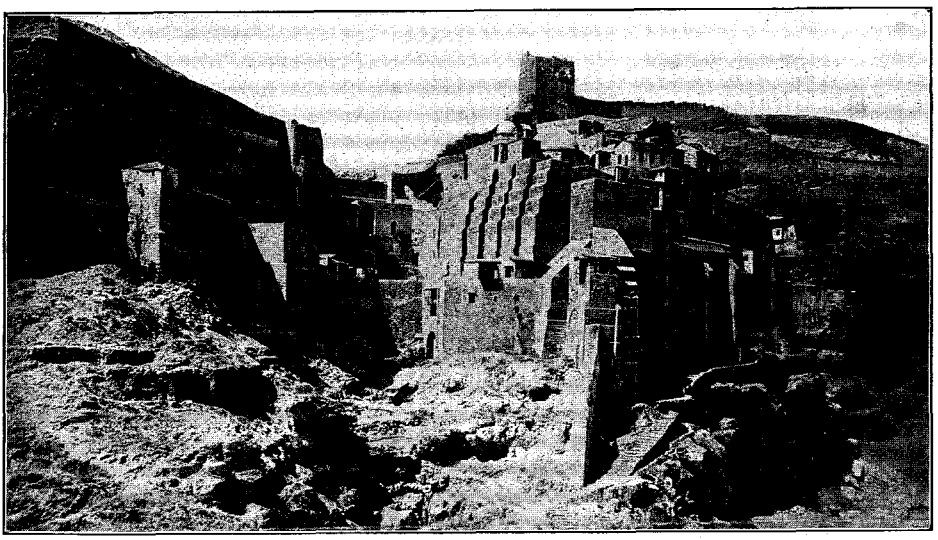
WHICH SIDE OF JORDAN IS "THE BROOK KERITH?"

BY ARCHIE BELL

GEORGE MOORE may never have visited Syria—the world has received gossipy accounts of most of his meanderings—but he has succeeded in painting a remarkably accurate picture of Judea and Galilee in his recently published novel, *The Brook Kerith*. His scenic investiture, however, is modern rather than from Rome. As Joseph (in the novel) stands on the hilltop beyond Bethany, and beyond the khan, now usually identified as the spot that prompted the parable of the Good Samaritan, he seems to have beheld the Jericho of to-day, rather than that verdant city so amply supplied with water from aqueducts



CONVENT OF MAR SABA, AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

that of two thousand years ago. He constantly refers to "desert" that "bloomed as a rose" twenty centuries ago and was not then the parched land that one observes to-day, when standing on the Mount of Olives and looks eastward toward Jericho, the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, where the greater part of the action in Moore's book transpires. Jericho two thousand years ago was the celebrated "City of Palms," but Moore makes scant reference to them and to the palatial structures in a city that copied its architecture which still raise their arches, and which made the metropolis a pearl in the imperial diadem of Cleopatra, when it was presented to her by Marc Antony.

Despite his accurate scenic descriptions, however, Mr. Moore seems to have stumbled into a glaring topographical blunder: the location of the Brook Kerith, which gives his novel its title. Archæologists and historians have disagreed on this subject before him; but the concensus of their opinion has been that it was somewhere between Jerusalem and Jericho, somewhere in the

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valleys between the Mount of Olives and the great basin through which the Jordan flows between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Presumably, Mr. Moore was of the same opinion when he began his book, because the title-page contains the quotation from I Kings xvii: 5-6: "so he went and did according to the word of the Lord, for he went and dwelt by the Brook Kerith that is *before* Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening and he drank of the brook." This quotation might not determine the matter, but reference to the third verse of the same chapter does so. Elijah the Tishbite was commanded "get thee hence and turn thee eastward and hide thyself by the Brook Kerith that is *before* Jordan."

So, be it observed, he journeyed *eastward* and dwelt by the Brook Kerith, which it definitely places as *before* Jordan, thus west of Jordan. Joseph of Arimathæa (or of Magdala) in Moore's novel, travelled over the same route, because it is apparently an established fact that the highway has not changed its route for two thousand years. One still leaves Jerusalem, crosses the valley of Jehosephat, ascends the Mount of Olives, passes over it and through Bethany to the road of the Apostles' Pool and the Inn of the Good Samaritan. That Joseph took the route, or at least travelled in the same direction as Elijah is proved by this sentence from page 65—"he rode round the hillside, coming soon in view of Bethany, over against the desert," or "the road he said, winds around the highest of these hills, reaching at last a tableland half way between Jerusalem and Jericho, and on top of it is the inn."

This much seems established and the topography seems to have been plain in the mind of the author until he became interested in the first journey of Joseph to the cenoby of the Essenes by the Dead Sea. The youth not only halts at a distance before he reaches Jericho and beholds the metropolis, to which Moore refers as a "town," but he enters Jericho, which the author would have us believe lies on the Jordan, while the shortest road between the two is a carriage drive of about two hours, but "he rode in full meditation and it was not until he was nigh the town of Jericho," we learn on page 70, "that he attempted to think by which ford he should cross Jordan: whether by ferry, in which case he must leave his mule in Jericho." All of which incidentally reminds us that there are no mules in Judea or Galilee and doubtless there never were any.

From the foregoing, it is plain that Joseph journeyed far beyond the Brook Kerith, which lay between Jerusalem and Jericho, he had a lively time of it, getting himself and his *mule* across the river,—one of those scenes that Moore delights in painting—and after some wandering, arrives at the cenoby of the Essenes! Yet it was possible to look down from the balcony of the monastery "into the plains and over Jordan" (Page 332) "on a balcony overhanging an abyss some hundred feet in depth, through which a brook sings a monotonous song" (Page 329) again referring to the location indicated in the title, and finally (Page 325) the community is referred to by the title of the book as if its location had become fixed in the mind of the reader and author—"the story reached the Brook Kerith that Joseph had been killed in the streets of Jerusalem." One finds the brotherhood not only within sound of the rippling *Brook,* mention of which appears in the novel like a Wagnerian leit-motif, but the Brook itself seems to be first one side of Jordan and then on the other. On the same page (329) in which the rocky crags and the stream's ripples are described, the reader finds that it is back *before* Jordan. Joseph need not have had the exciting and dangerous experience at the river, because the Essenes are found "comparing the wives *beyond* Jordan with the ewes of the hills." So finally, if the community dwelt at the Brook Kerith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens, it was *before* Jordan; if travellers from Jerusalem or Jericho

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crossed the river to reach the cenoby, it was not at the historical location, which gives the novel its title. Which side of Jordan? Sometimes the author seems to follow the advice of the negro religious song: "All Cross Over Jordan," and then again, he assembles his characters *before* Jordan, a location made plain in the Scriptural account.

And Moore seldom strays far from the Biblical record in the selection of his characters in *The Brook Kerith,* geography, or even the exact time in which they are reported to have done certain acts. A good example of this is the exactitude of his account of events directly before and after the Crucifixion and the persons whose names appear in the Biblical record. One thing stands out glaringly, however, and he does not satisfy the reader with the stroke of a pen in which Dan makes answer to a question of his son Joseph. Perhaps because it suited his whim to account for Joseph's wealth by making his father a packer of salt fish, Moore moves the family to Magdala. They are encountered there in the early chapters of the book and in Joseph's infancy. In the novel he is known as "the son of the salt fisher of Magdala." (Page 128.) Joseph wants to know why the family changed its residence. "Why did we leave Arimathæa?" (Page 32.) "His father answered: because it suited us to do so." And on page 114, we find that "Magdala owed its existence to Dan's forethought." although we are well aware that another Biblical personage was in Moore's mind. Yet the Bible, from whom the character derives, proves that he was "a rich man of Arimathæa" (Matthew xxvii: 57), "an honourable counsellor" (Mark xv: 43) and although St. Luke's account of the Crucifixion and its personages is followed closely, Moore ignores the verses that incontrovertibly declare that he was a rich counsellor of Arimathæa, a city of the Jews. And yet, as in the location of the Brook Kerith, he wavers at a crucial moment and permits the character to declare "thou art Jesus of Nazareth and I am Joseph of Arimathæa" (Page 366), while making him Joseph of Magdala through the other pages of the book.

Finally, is it not possible that Mr. Moore has mistakenly placed his cenoby of the Essenes beside the brook of which Elijah drank? That "holy men" were there long before the dawn of Christianity and that they are still there by the hundreds is true; but it is also true of the Brook Kidron, mentioned in II Samuel xv: 23 and John xviii: 1. And the author of the novel has almost perfectly described the physical conditions of the monastery of Mar Saba as it exists today. The present structure dates only from the fifth century, but it may have been built upon the site of an older retreat. And Mar Saba overlooks the Wadi en-Nar, or Kidron valley. Here flowed the brook over which Jesus Christ passed with his disciples on the way to his betrayal. "Jesus ofttimes resorted thither with his disciples," says St. John. Is it not just possible that Mr. Moore meant the Brook Kidron when a slip of the pen made it "The Brook Kerith?" Still, however, there is that crossing of the Jordan by Joseph, to reach the cenoby of the Essenes. There is almost the difference of *before* and *beyond* the Jordan that there is before and beyond the Hudson at Manhattan Island.

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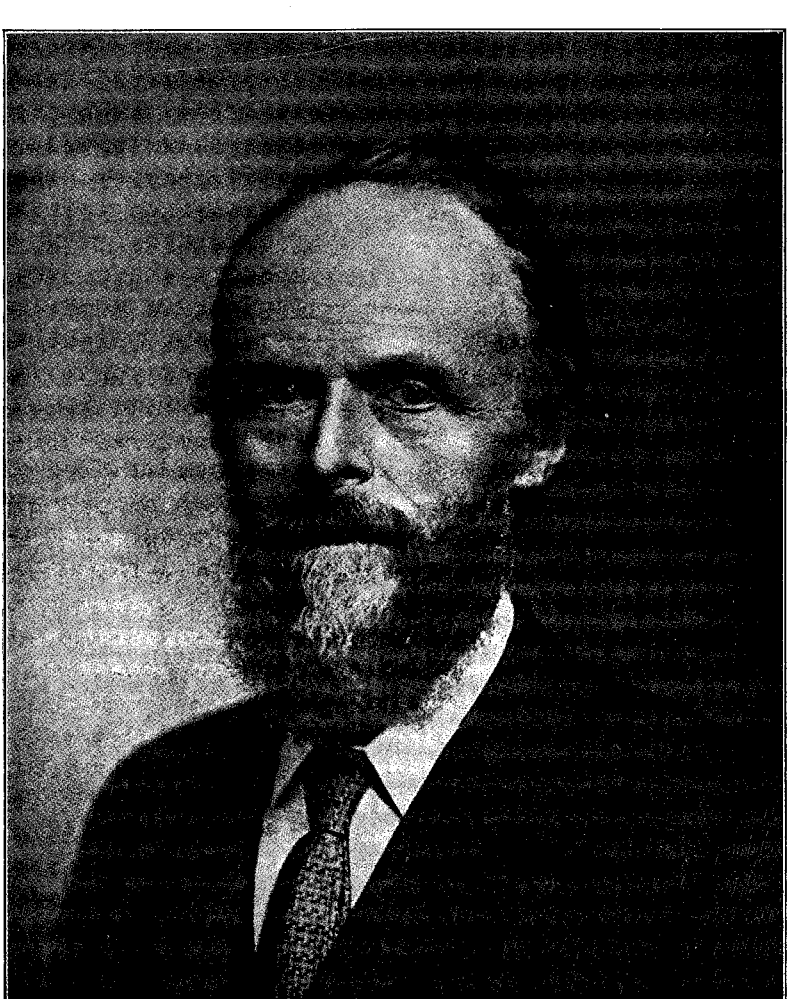

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN CAME AS A PERSONAL LOSS TO MANY OF HIS ADMIRERS IN THIS COUNTRY

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WILLIAM DE MORGAN

BY EDWIN FRANCIS EDGETT

In spite of himself, William De Morgan became famous. He deliberately violated all the rules made for the guidance of novelists who seek to become popular. None of his novels was addressed to the greater public that is avid for the latest thing of the moment in fiction, but nevertheless they reached that public. He was a law unto himself in *Joseph Vance,* in *When Ghost Meets Ghost,* and in the half dozen other novels that he wrote during his marvellous career that spanned only ten years. It is doubtful if in English literature, or in any other, can be found a writer whose life and literary career are comparable to his. He was an old man when the world of readers came to know him, and his age was an asset toward celebrity. At seventy he was hailed as eagerly as Kipling was hailed at twenty, and in his way he was no less a prodigy than the younger writer.

To speak exactly, he was only sixty-six when *Joseph Vance* appeared in 1906, and he energetically objected when he was frequently referred to as seventy years of age. Quite justly he resented having four years fastened upon his shoulders that did not belong there. For a long while he had been secretly pursuing a literary career. He had been a worker and a master in the arts and crafts of decoration and tile-making, but all the time he held within himself the latent genius and the ambitions of a young novelist. He was however, content to bide his time, and he found it had arrived soon after the twentieth century had dawned upon him and the rest of the world. For a lesser man it would have been a misfortune to appear in so bookful an epoch as the present, but despite the abundance of fiction that surrounded it, his work suffered nothing by being brought into contact and competition with a multitude of other novels. In him was so much of the original and the unique that he found no rival awaiting him, and encountered none after he arrived.

It scarcely needs to be said that De Morgan was primarily a discursive and leisurely writer. But that statement, however obvious, must be made as a basis for any discussion of his fiction. Although the call of the hour was for rapid-fire and sensational novels, he found a large audience that was as eager to listen to him as if a herald had trumpeted the hour of his coming. All his novels are rambling, but there is always a clear road and an ultimate end to their devious highways and byways. He deliberately exceeded the average length of the novel by one, two or three hundred pages, but there was nothing verbose in them. Much, of course, might have been omitted for the sake of the story he set himself to tell, but it was the very essence of his method frequently to stop in the course of the narrative, and to discourse unhurriedly upon life and character in all their human variations.

While the conventional novelist hastens from page to page with all the nervous energy of a chauffeur, Mr. De Morgan preferred to jog along his way as complacently as the driver of a sober country nag. He thought little was to be gained by quickening the progress of his plot, or by troubling himself with the immediate definiteness of character, and he cared nothing for the curious devourer of novels who reads only for the purpose of discovering how the story "comes out." He had no method other than the deliberate absence of method, and no style beyond an ignoring of and contempt for those elements of style which make for a veritable style in itself.

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He reflected, he pondered, he chatted, he gossipped, he philosophised without regard to those essentials of time of place that were no essentials to him. It is easy to find in his novels a touch here and there of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Anthony Trollope, of Charles Reade, and even of George Eliot, but these made him no imitator. The ranges of fiction are not so limitless that any novelist, and least of all a novelist of his calibre, can avoid those types of character, of incident, of manner, of phrase, that may suggest the method of one or more of his predecessors.

To be sure, something of the quality in his fiction that suggests Dickens was congenital. His father, a well-known mathematician and a distinguished figure in the English scientific world, was an enthusiastic Dickensian. William De Morgan's first acquaintance with Dickens was made when in childhood he listened to the reading of *Oliver Twist* and several others from his father's lips as those stories came out regularly in their monthly installments. It is said that when he began the writing of *Joseph Vance,* he discovered upon looking back over its early chapters that they were too obviously imitative in matter and manner and immediately destroyed them. Beginning again, he evolved a new sort of *Joseph Vance* whose resemblance to anything in Dickens is merely superficial.

All these comparisons are due merely to the fact that De Morgan was simply an adherent of an old-fashioned school of fiction-writing, and he found many to agree with him that the older fashion deserves and should have preserved for itself a high place in modern literature. He became the apostle of its revival, and he thereby became a marked man—sometimes for approval and sometimes for disapproval—in these days of intricate problems and elaborate character analysis. While his novels are undeniably made up of complicated and involved plots, they can be read with the attention of the reader upon them or wholly away from them, according to his desires and his mood. For chapters at a time, he forgets or deliberately casts aside his plot and wanders with his readers through devious discussions of and reflections upon morals and manners. He is entirely oblivious of his audience. He wrote always, as it seemed to many, more to please himself than his readers, or perhaps to make his reader's pleasure secondary or incidental to his own satisfaction in his imaginative creations.

Especially notable among De Morgan's methods and mannerisms with all their advantages and defects is his last novel, *When Ghost Meets Ghost.* It extends to more than eight hundred and fifty closely printed pages, its plot wandering aimlessly, its characters appearing and disappearing at his own sweet will, and with no apparent will of their own while he stands continuously in the foreground—as Thackeray often stood—discoursing as he pleases upon a multitude of things human and otherwise. "I who write," he says in one of these interpolations, "have no aim in telling this story beyond that of repeating as closely and briefly as may be the bare facts that make it up—of communicating them to whoever has a few hours to spare for the purpose, with the smallest trouble to himself in its perusal. I feel often that my lack of skill is spoiling what might be a good story. That I cannot help; and I write with the firm conviction that any effort on my part to arrange these facts in such order that this tale should show dramatic force, or startle him with unexpected issues of event, would only procure derision for its writer, and might even obscure the only end he has at heart, that of giving a complete grasp of his facts, as nearly as may be in the order of their occurrence." To any reader who knows De Morgan, these self-searchings touch the heights of the naïve.

The easiest and perhaps the most truthful summary of De Morgan's achievement is to say that he had a short life and a merry one. He lived to be nearly eighty, but all the years of his

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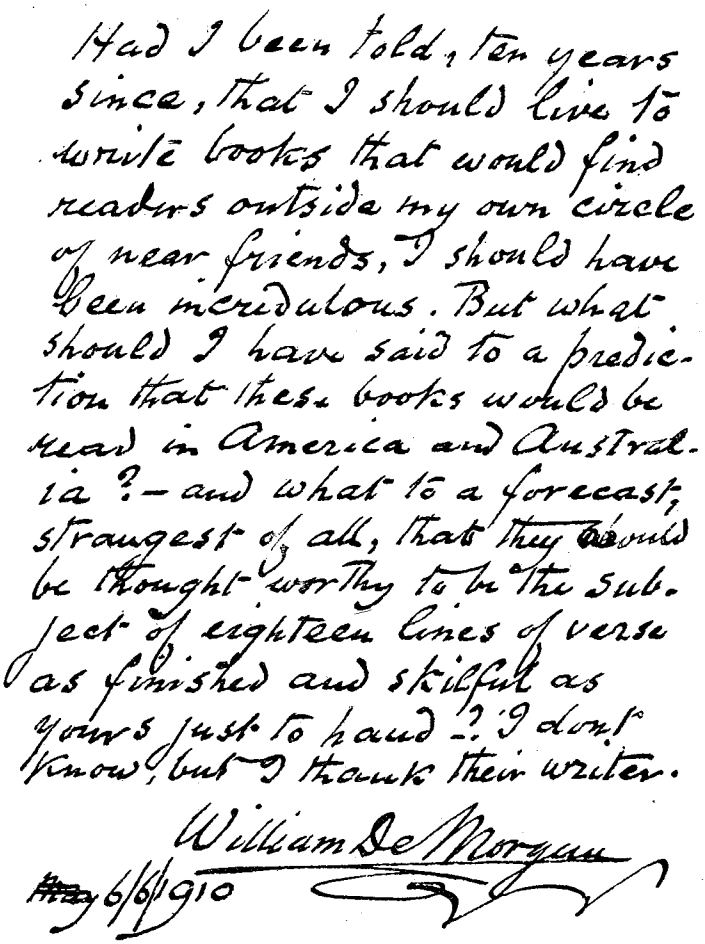
Had I been told, ten years since, that I should live to write books that would find readers outside my own circle of near friends, I should have been incredulous. But what should I have said to a prediction that these books would be read in America and Australia?—and what to a forecast, strangest of all, that they should be thought worthy to be the subject of eighteen lines of verse as finished and skilful as yours just to hand—? I don't know, but I thank their writer.

William De Morgan

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professional life as a novelist were scarcely more than ten. And they were ten glorious years alike to himself and to the multitude to whom his fiction came as something old in an age that is new, and as something new in an age that is old. Not even the most astute chronicler of literary events can be so rash as to prophesy that he will continue to be read for an indefinite period, and that eventually he will join the immortals. No one, however, will dare say that his name may not take its place in the literary history of his era.

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ARISTIDE BRIAND, FRENCH STATESMAN

BY JULES BOIS

I

THE fate of France lies in good hands; the Government, like the Nation, has risen to the heights of the Army, and the Chief of the Government is Monsieur Aristide Briand.

Aristide Briand is a son of the people; he is self-made. Of conciliatory disposition, a man of judgment, of wisdom, of kindness; his will is neither imperious nor aggressive, but calm, patient and firm.

This idealist has maintained and developed his balance, his altruism, his ability for organization through constant intercourse with the toiling and producing classes. He has been selected by the democracy to oppose his serious and pleasing countenance to the autocratic and domineering face of the Kaiser.

I have had the privilege and great pleasure of knowing him for nearly twenty years. He was born on the 28th of March, 1862, at Nantes at 12 rue du Marchix, where his father kept an inn. Perfectly free from severity or sternness, he has always been actively concerned in the problems of the day and in the immediate realities out of which the future is evolved. He has a passion for the sea, for boats, fishing and hunting. His eloquence is always an "action," unceasing and fruitful; thanks to him the people can see clearly for themselves. Politicians have very few real friends, if they have many in appearance. Aristide Briand has often been betrayed, but he never betrayed anybody. His own conduct has always been frank and just. By his charm, his worth, he conquers all with whom he comes in contact.

He once went to spend the summer at a little seaport town in Brittany. Now, who do you suppose was the man who received the greatest pleasure from the conversation with Briand in this remote maritime village? It was the vicar of the rustic parish. . . . When Briand returned, he was much surprised to see the flag flying from the belfry of the church. The "curé" had raised it to bid him welcome at the request of his fishermen neighbours.

At the age of twenty Briand threw himself heart and soul into Socialism, of which the unselfish ideals tempted him. He founded in his department, or province, the newspaper *La Democratie de l'Ouest,* which at the beginning was rich only in thoughts. Briand went to Paris, bought a printing press at a bargain, carried it home under his arm, and himself set it up with his own hands. All this did not prevent his playing the violin, singing very well, and wielding a first-class cue at billiards. "Licenciate at Law" Advocate, then journalist, he became in Paris the political editor of *La Lanterne.* Being secretary of the general committee of the Socialist Party, he organized it, extolling with tongue and pen the legal rights of the French labour class. He strove against the preponderance of sectarian spirit. He was even then a statesman.

At political gatherings he discreetly emerged from silence only to give voice to a decisive or at least a useful word. Thus he became an acknowledged authority. In such manner, later, he made himself well known in high public offices: first Minister of Public Instruction, then Keeper of the Seals, then President of the Council, then directing the war against the Germans, acting to attain the end which he believes to be right. His clear eye with its small point of high light in the pupil, calm because he is strong, his intellectual mouth, his vigourous moustache—these

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details prove to us that this great man is content to remain a man without needing to appear a personage.

Briand's temperament is a combination of expansiveness, meditation, and simplicity: we cannot be simple by the mere wishing; it requires talent and great sincerity. No one, I am sure, possesses to such a degree the gifts of the orator. His is the voice, the gesture and the style.

He finds the phrases which bring pictures to the mind's eye, and he can at the same time turn long and harmonious periods. Above all, he has to a marked extent the talent for extemporary speaking. In the first place he has no time to prepare himself, at least on paper. Freedom and liberty of spirit are necessary to him to settle the questions of such varied and complex nature that constantly arise. Then, too, he is convinced that words live only when they are self-created, so to speak, in the very company to which they are addressed, and to which in this way they are always adapted.

His memory is prodigious. It is said that during the meetings of the secret committee in the Chamber and in the Senate, he had not a single note before his eyes, when he reconstructed with the exact dates, the entire chain of events since war was declared. In the same way he recited from memory all the figures relating to the manufacture of our guns and ammunition. When I declare that he never prepares himself, I allude only to the surface of things; he does prepare himself, not so much with books as with living proofs. Like Lamartine, he knows how to make competent authorities speak and enlightens himself directly concerning events. If Clémenceau, at his best, seems to follow a rigid line of logic, if Monsieur Ribot pursues principally an oratorical opening, if Jaurès was carried away by the flood of general ideas and the waves of deep feeling, Aristide Briand is inspired by Circumstance and by Reason, and this is just where the orator rises, even above Art and above Inspiration, becomes a sage, *the sage* who advises, foresees, chides, commands—and, this is his supreme prerogative, conciliates. Waldeck Rousseau knew how to use this power for which one must have authority over others, self-control and experience, but it may be said of him that it was his brain that triumphed, whereas with Briand it is the man's entire personality which conquers, with his gripping voice which clutches his audience while caressing it, with his spirit of sureness, his practical view of problems, his flights of mind, too. Rarely the claw shows or the tooth sinks; but when the emergency arises, "le grand fauve," who sleeps confident in his tranquillity, awakes. He is ruthless only toward ideas. We have seen this in his recent oratorical duel with Monsieur Brison on the subject of Kienthal.

Aristide Briand works out his speeches in the open air; quick of breath, they have a magnetism of the sun, and that wonderful adaptation to surroundings which belongs to water—to the waters of rivers, of pools, of lakes, of the seashore where, before the war, the President of the Council used to fish like the most modest citizen. He never writes his speeches or even makes notes. To use his own expression he "lets himself go": not without having matured his thoughts, and doubtless even his expressions of them which he polishes in that marvellous memory of his.

One of his interviewers has told us how when once he was accused of temporising he replied: "Let me alone now; I am just on the point of playing a carp." And indeed according to the same authority when told that Monsieur Fallières had selected him to form the ministry, his first word was "There goes my fishing trip! Ruined." When his friends tried to console him by citing the example of Waldeck, President of the Council, and at the same time an enthusiastic fisherman, he replied, "Yes, yes, but as soon as one is in power the fish go over to the opposition!"

It has so happened that I have had to meet a number of politicians of all

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lands; many have impressed me as being the "hollow and resounding vessels" of which Homer tells us, and in which Æolus, the god of the winds, has confined useless or riotous noises. Not so with Briand! While he willingly makes merry, one feels in him that changeless gravity of the truly valiant, the gravity which in this instance frightens no one, because softened by a spirit of kindliness. I have often observed him in the midst of the uproar of Parliamentary proceedings living this deep, inner life, yet hearing and attending but without succumbing to the uproar. The following day he would ascend to the platform with the careless, dragging step of the lounger, and little by little, his voice, groping at first, would swell, dramatically asserting itself like an orchestra; would become irresistibly winning, and I have realised that this supreme height of eloquence resulted from a store of reflection and strength accumulating in the hours of meditation and silence.

II

As to politics his chief task before the war was to bring about the tolerant law on separation of Church and State. M. Aristide Briand abolished a condition of affairs, dating from the first Napoleon, and no longer in accord with our ideas and customs: the "Concordat," excellent a century ago, has become obsolete. Instead of being *in accord* it was a *discord,* satisfying neither of the two parties to the contract. M. Briand replaced it by a statute against which there was at first some protest, but which, nevertheless, resulted in religious peace. If you were to follow the debates in the Chamber at that time, you would swear that Monsieur Briand collaborated as well with "la Gauche" as the Catholics. With what result? He freed the Church and he freed the State, awaiting the day, perhaps not far distant, when he or one of his successors should establish with the Sovereign Pontiff a new Concordat which would complete the work so well begun. Liberty is, above all, necessary to the Church. In America it has for so long enjoyed the same sort of separation and has never had cause for regret.

Having been repeatedly President of the Council, Aristide Briand has had to follow a course between the opposition of the advanced Socialists on the one hand and the Reactionaries on the other. Before the war he was the "Apostle of Reconciliation" between the parties. He is an organiser *par excellence,* a conciliator, a reformer; in critical moments he has been able to reconcile the purposes of the parties on national subjects. You remember the famous railroad strikes: he restored order among the men by mobilising them. Patriotism was the chief weapon employed, and it succeeded immediately. In time of peace France was already what she has become in war. It is logical and at the same time happy for all concerned that Monsieur Aristide Briand returned to power. This time, let us hope, permanently; at least, through the course of this fearful war which demands for its good conduct just the rare and necessary qualities which he possesses.

III

Briand is not merely a great statesman and an orator beyond comparison: he is a born diplomat, because he knows the psychology of men and of nations. He is a superior diplomat without belonging to diplomacy, as was another man of royal blood who, coming late into his own, achieved much good not only for his own land, but for France and for Europe. I mean King Edward the VII. He was a great king, because he was a man. He was unconstrained and natural; he gladly left his crown in the vestibule. It was in Paris that Edward the VII, like Briand, learned to handle men; he learned it by living—lenient to the faults of others and knowing how to distinguish their talents. Solidarity is the finest of all schools. It imbues us with the modern spirit of reciprocal concessions and is opposed to

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that incomprehensible pride and to those big ambitions which can be realised only at the expense of others and of oneself. Edward the VII had long scented the dangerous project in the mind of his Imperial nephew; from the very first he kept his eyes intently upon Germany, and having a presentment that one day he would give us trouble, he contrived and prepared the net work for the Alliance which together with our own heroism has saved us to-day.

Briand was able to say not long ago about Verdun: "Here are the walls upon which the supreme hopes of imperial Germany break in pieces. The ruins of Germanic dreams now lie at our feet. This name of Verdun, to which Germany in the intensity of her dreaming has attributed a symbolic meaning, and which must, she believed, soon evoke in the imagination of men the overwhelming defeat of our army, the irretrievable discouragement of our country for the passive acceptance of German peace—this name shines out henceforward for neutral countries as well as for Allies as all that is most beautiful, purest and best in the French soul. It has become spiritually synonymous with courage, patriotism and generosity. And throughout the centuries in all quarters of the globe the name of Verdun will continue to resound like a shout of victory and a hymn of joy, sung by liberated humanity."

IV

That which makes a success of Germany is the co-ordination of all her efforts toward one single end. Monsieur Briand has laboured to create on the side of the Allies a unity of action on the entire front, much more difficult to attain on our part than on the part of our enemies. Geographically speaking, the central powers are already brought together, whereas the Allies have not this great advantage. That is why the conferences at London, Paris and Rome from which M. Briand took the initiative, and which he has revived, have played an important part in the decisions formed and to be formed. He has realised the co-ordination of all our resources from the military, the economic and the financial standpoints. If the Great Offensive could not repel the Germans altogether from the invaded territory, at least it pushed our own lines further forward, and proved to our soldiers that we have entered upon the third period of the war, which would prove our absolute superiority. In the first period we were forced back to the Marne, where we inflicted upon the enemy, more formidable at that time, a signal defeat. Then came the almost stationary phase of the war in the trenches, when it seemed as impossible to move forward as back. Now we know by experience, thanks to the evergrowing power of our munitions and of our artillery, thanks, too, to our valiant foot-soldiers with their scorn of death, that the obstacles contrived by our adversary—obstacles believed to be insurmountable—have been overcome. English and French, we have pierced the enemy lines at many places. That is an important point achieved, because it gives to our soldiers the assurance of a next victory. We are on the spot and although we are naturally under no delusions as to the difficulties of our undertaking, it is impossible to doubt the ultimate success of our arms, no matter how desperate the resistance.

The taking of Monastir, which on the other front, that is the eastern, also heralded the dawn of victory, is in a large measure due to the perseverance of M. Briand. He was unwilling to abandon Serbia, who, with her army quite reconstructed, maintains a constant menace on the Bulgarian and Turkish side. Our intervention on Serbia's behalf follows the traditions of the aspirations which have characterised French politics for all time. She will be of value in the final attempt which, from all sides, will subjugate the central Empires, and force upon them a just peace, which we shall impose upon their arms; whereas they have imposed upon us an unjust war. It is natural that the same

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man who before the war, was the peace protagonist between the parties within, should be the first to formulate conditions of peace without. Even before the note sent to President Wilson by the Allies, the leader of the French Government had already most eloquently formulated the hopes and the vows of our country in accord with those who battle with us for liberty and for civilisation.

"Peace will come out of the victories of the Allies," M. Briand said last year; "It can only come out of our victories. Peace must not be an empty formula; it must be based upon international rights, guaranteed by sanctions against which no nation can take a stand. Such peace will shed radiance upon humanity; it will bring security for those who work and will be evolved according to their own genius; our hands will never again be stained with blood. It is this ideal which makes the grandeur of our task. It is in the name of this ideal that our soldiers fight and give themselves so valiantly to death; it is in the name of this ideal that mothers, wives, daughters, sisters — mourning — force back their tears knowing that the sacrifice of a son, a husband, father, or brother, will not have been in vain for the country and for humanity. This is the only peace toward which we must reach. It is by this peace that our nation will grow in nobility and in beauty."

The work of justice is always slow, whereas attacks upon right are abrupt and momentarily discouraging. Credit is due to such men as Lloyd George in England and Aristide Briand in France. Their past and their origin testify in their favour. They represent, not the dominating egoism of some foresworn individualities or of a military caste; they represent nations inherently peaceful which have for their standard, in common with America, the rights of the individual and of the people. They work not for themselves; they serve the general good and they work together with that mysterious law of progress which, despite temporary reverses, leads humanity to greater unity, greater equity, more collective labour and thus more dignity and more happiness.

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THE RELIGION OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

ANY attempt to understand the thought and life of Rabindranath Tagore must begin with the fact that this first citizen of India is an Oriental. But it must not end there! For if there is one thing more than another for which Tagore is remarkable, it is his understanding of the alien civilisation and culture of the western world. He is an easterner of the easterners, as we shall see; but his comprehension of the significance as well as the limitations of natural science, his reliance upon education as a method of social advancement, his sympathy with the aspirations of modern womanhood, his rigourous critique of "the cult of nationalism," his curious appreciation of so characteristic an American literary product as Walt Whitman, all reveal a truly extraordinary understanding of the West. Indeed, it is just in this entrance of so typically eastern a mind into the very heart of western life, that we find the true significance of Tagore. If there is anything permanent in his work as a teacher and reformer, and I believe there is, it is to be found just here in his attempt to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable differences of East and West, and thus give a universal expression to the spiritual aspirations of mankind.

In the opening pages of *Sadhana,* Sir Rabindranath has an illuminating passage on the origins of western and eastern civilisations. In the West, he says, civilisation began in Greece and "was nurtured within city walls." In the East, on the other hand, "when the first Aryan invaders appeared in India, it was a vast land of forests;" and it was in these forests, close to the ground, beneath the shadows of great trees, "surrounded by the vast life of nature . . . that (Indian) civilisation had its birth."

In this accidental relationship to nature, suggested by Tagore, began the separation between the western and the eastern mind; and upon this relationship, as upon a foundation, all late differences were reared. The western man, for example, looking out upon a world which is separated from him and therefore alien, becomes eager to know something about its secrets, and therefore enters upon those activities of exploration and investigation which constitute so large a part of the history of western life. The eastern man, on the other hand, finding himself in the midst of a world which serves his needs, seeks not to know what is hidden, but only to enjoy in quietness and peace that which is so freely given. The western man, starting forth to explore an alien world, soon yearns to subdue it to his purposes. The eastern man, on the other hand, is satisfied to acquiesce in nature, to take what she has to give, be it good or evil, with the result that a kind of fatalism has fallen upon the eastern world like a magician's spell. Again, as another stage of development, the western man, as a consequence of his passion for knowledge and conquest, becomes intensely active, and moulds a life which is supremely one of creative achievement in the outer world. The eastern man, in contrast, turns in upon himself and becomes predominantly meditative. Ethical differences between West and East now begin to make their appearance. Thus, the western man becomes more and more obsessed with the lust of possession; he wants to acquire, accumulate, hold, use for himself, the riches which he finds so abundantly in the natural world. To all this, on the other hand, the eastern man is contemptuously indifferent. He seeks not pos-

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session of the world without, but realisation of the world within. Hence the seer, the mystic, the monk, takes that place of supreme veneration in the eastern world which is held in our world by the soldier, the statesman, or the business man.

This whole problem of difference can be summed up in a single historical generalisation, and a single philosophical affirmation. From the standpoint of history, we note the undeniable fact that the East has never produced so much as one distinguished scientist, or contributed to the race so much as one original scientific theory or application of theory. The West, on the other hand, has produced not one supreme religious prophet, or one original type of religion. What we know as the world-religions—Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism—are all of them eastern not only in their origin, but in their essential genius. From the standpoint of philosophy, we note the fact that the West is predominantly materialistic in its ideas, desires and activities; while the East is predominantly spirtual. The contrast between the German scientist, evolving in his laboratory some new industrial process which increases the wealth of the world a thousandfold, and the Indian yogi absorbed in his spiritual exercises, is something of the picture that we need to embody this fact of psychological diversity and its significance in the history of mankind.

To the prodigious task of bringing the best of East and West together, Rabindranath Tagore dedicates all the variety of his poetic and prophetic genius. Always an easterner of easterners, he starts out with the characteristically oriental declaration that man is a spiritual being, and is charged in this life with the great business of finding his own soul. He does not attempt to demonstrate the proposition that "man is a spirit"; such a fact, he says, transcends demonstration. This is a matter of inward realisation, as indubitable and therefore as far beyond the need of proof, as our consciousness of individual existence in the world. Now to realise this spirituality, to find our souls as Tagore puts it, this is our appointed task. "Man is here to find himself," says Sir Rabindranath in *Sadhana*. "Man's history is the history of his journey to the unknown in quest of the realisation of his immortal self—his soul."

In this affirmation, Tagore accepts the eastern, and eschews the western mind. "Man is abroad to satisfy needs which are more than food and clothing," is his initial defiance of the Occident. In the very next step in the progress of his thought, however, he turns flatly away from the East, and adopts a characteristically western viewpoint. For the East, he says, in its quest of the soul, has done the fatal thing of seeking spiritual realisation in the inner world to the exclusion of the outer. The eastern mind has retired within itself, and made fast the door against nature and mankind. Thereby has it deliberately shut itself off from all possibility of the best fulfilment of its ideal purposes—excluded itself from the very place where the soul has its true abode and is therefore to be found.

In following this pathway of introspection and mystic quietude, the eastern mind has forgotten, or failed to see at all, two things. In the first place, it has neglected the great fact that "it is the very characteristic of life that it is not complete within itself; it must come out. Its truth is in the commerce of the inside and the outside. In order to live, the body must maintain its various relations with the outside light and air—not only to gain life-force, but also to manifest it. . . . The same with the soul. It cannot live on its own internal feelings and imaginings. It is ever in need of external objects; not only to feed its inner consciousness but to apply itself in action not only to receive but to give." And then there is the second fact, forgotten or neglected by the introspective eastern mind, that the very essence of life is action, movement, prog-

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ress, creation, expenditure, use—that the synonym of death is inaction, stagnation, hoarding. How beautifully does Tagore illustrate this fact in the figure of the river, which is a river only as it continues to flow, and thus to carry away "obstructions and dead accumulations!" Still more striking is his picture of life under the image of a lamp. "The lamp," he says in *Sadhana,* "contains its oil, which it holds securely in its close grasp and guards from the least loss. Thus is it separate from all other objects around it and is miserly. But when lighted, it finds its meaning at once; its relation with all things far and near is established, and it freely sacrifices its fount of oil to feed the flame."

Life, therefore, in terms of self-realisation, means activity, service, sacrifice, in the outer world. To find one's soul is not to save oneself inwardly, like a lamp its oil, but to give oneself outwardly, like a lamp its flame. It seems extraordinary, almost incredible, to find an easterner thus proclaiming the western gospel of social action, life in the outward world. And yet Rabindranath Tagore teaches exactly this principle, and thus reveals the possibility of bringing together into one universal synthesis the diametrically opposed viewpoints of Orient and Occident.

"Realisation through action"—this is the second step in the unfolding of Tagore's religious thought. But what does he mean by "action"? In what sense are we to invade the outer world and seek there the discovery and possession of our souls? It is in answer to this fundamental question that Sir Rabindranath breaks as radically with the western mind as he has already broken with the eastern mind on the matter of inward contemplation or quietude. Action is all right, is his word; in no other way can we find our souls than by seeking perpetual contact with nature and with man. But this action, this contact, must be fulfilled in a spirit and with a purpose as far separated from that manifested by the West as the north pole is distant from the south. The West seeks action along the lines of conquest, possession, acquisition, accumulation. It plunges into the world, with the sole idea of plunder and enrichment. It seeks contact with mankind, with no higher or better object than that of exploitation and power. The western mind interprets action in terms of lust, greed, opulence, ambition, rule, wealth, fame. The western mind is hungry, and must be fed—it is lustful, and must be satisfied—it is empty, and must be filled. Eager to gain and not to give, to acquire and not to serve, to plunder others and thereby enrich itself, it misses the very treasure which it is seeking, or, if it finds it, buries it beneath the rubbish of its accumulations, or destroys it utterly by the violence of its capricious passions.

It is here, on this point of the base greed and sordid materialism of western action, that Rabindranath Tagore becomes as a veritable Jeremiah calling down woes upon our sinful generation. There is something terrible, not to say sublime, in the wrath of this gentle seer as he looks upon our western world and points out the atrocious abominations of its life. Here we are, in our individual lives, seeking that freedom which is the sign and symbol of spiritual fulfilment, and we are so gross in our idea of how to treat the world and our fellow-men that, in our very quest of freedom, we enslave ourselves to money, luxury, ambition, toil which brings no reward, activity which finds no peace. Here is nature, full of beauty for our admiration, and we plunder it; only to find ourselves the slaves of the booty we pile up and must therefore protect from the lust of others. Here are our fellowmen, full of goodness for our love, and we exploit them, rob them, abuse them, kill them, only to find ourselves linked with a "body of death" which poisons the very life we have tried thus foolishly to foster. And what is true of individuals, is even more true of those groups of individuals termed nations. How have the nations sought security in armaments, happiness in wealth and trade

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and imperialistic power, the higher life in the greater force of rule and conquest—only in the end to live in fear, suspicion, and hatred, and in the end to bring upon themselves the hopeless ruin of the Great War! What wonder that Tagore is a socialist—for the essence of capitalism is the very selfishness which he finds the foe of all true "realisation through action!" What wonder that Tagore is a pacifist, for the essence of existing international relations is the very lust, deceit and pride which are as oil hoarded, unlit, and therefore hidden in cold, darkness and decay! Tagore's whole view of western civilisation is summed up in the thirty-first poem of *Gitanjali*—and what an indictment of all our western pride it is!—which I quote in part:

"Prisoner, tell me, who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain?"

"It was I," said the prisoner, "who forged this chain very carefully. I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

Yes!—action is the secret of realisation, but not the selfish action of the West. Realisation means freedom, like the flight of a bird, and this is slavery. Realisation means joy, like the lilt of a song, and this is fear. Realisation means beauty, like the flashing leap of a fish from the Ganges,* and this is ugliness. Realisation means life, like love, and this is death. Love!—this is the magic word. If we are to find our souls, we must indeed "come out." But this invasion of the outer world must be like a band of pilgrims, not like a conquering army. We must "come out" not to get but to give, not to subdue but to serve, not to hoard but to spend. We must love—that is all; love the stars, the sea, the grass; love the child, the mother, the aged man. Love is the law of life, the road to freedom, the pathway to God. For lo! as we love, we find that what we love is of like nature with ourselves. In the sun and the stars, in the fragrant rose and the singing bird, in "the poorest, and lowliest, and lost" of our fellow-men, we find our brother, our spiritual kin, our own souls. A common life, revealed and quickened by our love, is seen in them all. We become one with them and they with us. We find our souls—this higher, better, nobler self unknown before, is discovered and laid hold on—the task of self-realisation is done. We have lived, reached our goal, joined hands and hearts with God! It is this great message of (1) self-realisation through (2) social action in (3) the spirit of love, that we find the reconciliation of East and West attempted by Tagore. It is in this also that we find the content of his religious thought—the essence of his religion. Three points are here noteworthy.

(1) In the first place, Tagore, like every great religious prophet the world has ever seen, proclaims the reality of God, the universal presence of God, the life of nature and of man in God. Unity is here the great word. One life is in all and through all and over all; and thus one life is the divine life—the infinite, the eternal, God. "The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measure. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow." Tagore gives little suggestion of personality in his conception of God. He speaks rarely, if at all, of the Father. But so near, so real, so living, is this God, that He becomes to us as a presence everywhere seen and understood and loved. In sun and dust-grain, in bird and fish, in work-shop and tool,

*See *Sadhana,* page 110.

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in home and wife and child, in the secret places of the heart—here is God, a-near and far, sublime and humble, to be adored and loved and served. "Thou art the sky, and thou art the nest as well."

(2) Secondly, Tagore, like every supreme prophet of God, proclaims the gospel of religion applied, of social action, of God realised in the world of life. Not in meditation, or lonely prayer, or secret quietude, or remote asceticism, is religion rightly to be expressed. But out in the world, down in the slums, amid the dust and heat of the race, is the pathway of the soul. No exposition of this aspect of his thought is needed, in view of the eleventh poem of *Gitanjali,* so extraordinary as a product of the eastern mind:

> Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil! . . . Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

(3) Lastly, Tagore is the preacher of joy. Joy in our communion with God, and in our service of man! Joy in the beauty of the world, and the goodness of life! Joy in our labour, and our rest after labour! Joy in struggle, and the peace that followeth struggle! Joy in life, and joy in death! In this word, joy, is perhaps to be found Tagore's supreme contribution to the life of our time. His is a joy which is not shallow but deep, not empty but full, not trivial but sublime. It is a joy which recognises evil, but overcomes it in the good that it is in our power to perform. It is a joy that faces death, and gives death its place in the drama of life eternal. It is a joy which makes not only glad, but pure, the heart of man, and not so much easy as august the task of earth. It is in his treatment of death, perhaps, that Tagore gives best expression to his thought of joy. Not since Whitman wrote his chants of death, has the world seen such poems of glad salutation to the eternal mystery as are found in the closing pages of *Gitanjali.* As a bridegroom cometh to meet his bride, so Tagore approaches death, "the last fulfilment of life," the guest to whom is to be offered in joy "the full vessel of life."

In these three aspects of his thought, do we find the full expression of what we may call the religion of Tagore. That this religion is a reconciliation of East and West, is evident. In his thought of God, Tagore is a true son of that eastern world which has produced every great and true religion the world has ever seen. In his thought of social action, Tagore is an appropriator of the best that the West has to offer to mankind. In bringing his thought of God to the West, he brings what the West most needs, for it is materialism that threatens to be the West's undoing. In bringing his thought of social action to the East, he brings what the East most needs, for "too much meditation and metaphysical speculation have ruined India." In bringing each to the other, and joining them in a synthesis whose name is Joy, he unites the severed East and West in that fundamental unity which is humanity.

It is here, in the higher human significance of this great synthesis, that we come in the end to what is the deeper meaning of Tagore and his teaching. "When the West discovers the East, and the East discovers the West," writes Basanta Koomar Roy, in his biography of Tagore, "humanity will discover itself automatically. Then the illumination will come to 'break the walls,' and this world will be 'one luminous whole,' 'one perfect music'." It is from this

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point of view, that Tagore rises to the stature of the great universal teachers of all time. His message contains nothing new. It is the gospel of Buddha, of Jesus, of Channing—the sacred word of the life of the spirit. Old—and yet as new as man's persistent rejection of its message! How, in an age of indescribable distraction and agony, does this great gospel sound with new power in our ears! But shall we listen and accept? If so, we shall do what no generation of men in any age has ever done. But that we must listen and accept, if our civilisation, like all others which have preceded it, is not to perish, is as certain as the movement of the stars. Tagore speaks to us the word of hope, and the curse of doom. As we choose, so shall we live, or die!

QUE LA VIE EST BELLE

BY DOROTHY HUGGINS

HERE'S a sou for butter
Here's a sou for bread
Thanks to God I utter
Jeannot can be fed.
I shall sew fine stitches
Labour, it will sell.
Tirra, lirra, lirra
Que la vie est belle!

I have no sou for butter
I have no sou for bread
My home, it is the gutter
And Jeannot must be fed.
The soldiers sacked the village
They did their duty well.
Tirra, lirra, lirra
Que la vie est belle!

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THE NATIONAL MUSIC FALLACY

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

THAT will-o-the-wisp of æsthetic wisdom, Mr. James McNeill Whistler, asserted with his habitual and exhilarating decisiveness that there was no such thing as nationalism in art, that one might as well speak of national mathematics as of national picture making. It was the sort of iconoclasm one might have expected from the gentleman who refused "to have been born in Lowell." That Mr. George Moore (than whom there is no keener artistic intelligence in the English speaking world to-day despite his somewhat peevish hostility to Mr. W. B. Yeats) should have taken exception to the point of view, utilising it as evidence of a critical instability on the part of the extraordinary and eccentric painter, is one of the outstanding curiosities of the records of criticism.

When modesty is confronted with the somewhat abrupt fact that either it or the rest of the world is obsessed by illusion, its inclination is to assume that it is in error, and to reorganise its point of view in accordance with the opinions of the majority. Mr. Whistler, luckily unburdened with that uncomfortable encumbrance, modesty, saw nothing more nor less in the opinions of the majority than a very dreadful something to be contradicted and insulted when it could not be avoided and ignored. One cannot help seeing a considerable justice in the Whistler attitude. It must be confessed that the world thinks mostly in ruts, and that an accurate feeling for values is more rare even than Lowell's day in June. We are overwhelmed by a flood of facile appraisals and a deal of loose talk that a moment's intelligent, honest thinking would vehemently repudiate. "Light and air," for example, is pinned to the painting of Claude Monet just as though no one else in the whole wide world had ever achieved an effect of "light and air." As a matter of fact, one could, no doubt, name a score of painters whose canvases excel Monet's in the rendering of nature's myriad intricacies and subtleties of atmospheric phenomena. What we should emphasise in Monet is a colour sense meretricious, perhaps, but audacious, and an experimental policy premeditated, no doubt, but valuable. As for "light and air," we shall find it in Corot, Cazin and an army of American landscape painters to an extent unequalled in the best of French Impressionism. Again, take the peculiar case of Brahms. "Brahms is an inexorable form maker," says the redoubtable Mr. Huneker, and Brahms is this, that and a dozen other things (all of which he indubitably is not) say his admirers, thereby doing incalculable harm to their idol. Well, I remember once analysing —I should say attempting to analyse— the Brahms Violin Concerto with the distinguished violinist, Kathleen Parlow. As much in accord as we were over the inherent beauty of the music (music of an inexpressible and lofty loveliness), we could neither of us determine the proportions of a work that she knew by heart, and had played innumerable times. Heterodoxy if you will, but a thing demonstrable in so far as anything in so intangible a matter as art can be demonstrated. Brahms a form maker! If form be that manner of expression best calculated to project with justice and accuracy the conception of the artist to another then we are not far wrong in applying the word inarticulate to the efforts of Brahms.

So however much Whistler's assertion that there was no such thing as nationality in art may have appeared iconoclastic, it was, in reality, only a negative iconoclasm, a statement that

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seemed acutely and appallingly revolutionary for the sole and simple reason that it was sheerly and tritely true. As a matter of fact, this question of nationalism in æsthetics is one of the most remarkable exhibitions on record of that slovenly habit inherent in human nature of allowing itself to slip into easy formulas of thinking (or, rather, of allowing others to think for it) once these formulas are macadamised by custom and marked a state road on the intellectual map. Perhaps no idea in the history of art has clung so tenaciously to the common comprehension as this idea of nationalism, of sectionalism and of idiom. Not a month goes by but that some one or other of our periodicals proclaims this astounding fallacy. When a journalist falls short of a topic he sets himself to the facile task of upbraiding American art or American music for its lack of a national character. "So far," says one of these gentlemen, "America has produced no really distinctive painting." In other words, George Inness, whose pictures are literally saturated with the soul of our American countryside, and Winslow Homer, whose pictures are as pungently individual as the odour of a country grocery store are lacking in national character! One-half moment's thought will show us the absurdity of this contention. But let us assume that the charge is true; let us allow these professional malcontents to prove the invalidity of their own case. After having disposed of our painting with the royal irresponsibility of utter ignorance they proceed to eulogise the work of Sargent, Whistler, and Miss Mary Cassatt, three artists who have lived and worked practically their entire æsthetic lives under the influence of and in touch with influences utterly alien to anything remotely resembling a native spirit. Surely discrepancy of judgment can go no further than this. Another gentleman contributes the following: "You cannot tell an American composer's art-song from a mediocre art-song the world over." And again: "The important point is that ragtime is original with Americans—it is their own creation, it is the one genuine American music." Well, setting aside a rather too obvious and partially impertinent retort to the effect that merely because ragtime is our own creation we have no more reason for being proud of it than we may have for priding ourselves upon iced-water, child-labour, or food adulteration, we ask ourselves if there is any indispensable significance in these points of view. In other words, is it true that our art is a hybrid, sterile art merely because it fails (if it does fail) to register a salient impression of our national characteristics? And is it true that art to be a valid, vital art must express nationality?

Besides the little fellows who will reply affirmatively, every generation possesses its High Priest of parochialism. In our immediate time Mr. Yeats, the Irish poet, has extolled and exploited the merits of an art which seeks its inspiration from the soil. Surely a superficial attitude quite calculated to appeal to an exquisite but superficial poet like Mr. Yeats. Having told us how Verlaine once cried to him in Paris "strangle rhetoric!" he proceeded to censure us, gently and I am bound to say with charming persuasiveness, for our allegiance to the Tennysonian tradition. I remember the fine scorn with which he articulated the phrase: "moral uplift." And then we listened to such an inconsequential trifle as "The Fiddler of Dooney."

The mistake committed by Mr. Yeats and the gentleman who urges ragtime upon us if we would save our musical souls is the mistake of failing to distinguish between two distinctly different kinds of art and two distinctly different kinds of reaction to art. The infallible sign of the authentic artistic attitude is that it shall be able to estimate accurately and to enjoy in equitable proportion things widely diversified and emphatically antithetical. It has a lounging room in its intelligence where it dismisses Meredith or Pater, and abandons itself with a dissolute expenditure of

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sympathy to the immortal tale of Sydney Carton or chuckles over the impeccable sagacity of Chicot the Jester. Many of its most audacious moments of youthful irresponsibility are inextricably woven into memories of "Hello ma Baby" or "Under the Bamboo Tree," and to this day it will abandon Debussy for the inimitable verve of Mr. Victor Herbert, or the crude, brazen vernacular of Mr. Irving Berlin. But it does not call Chicot the Jester or Sydney Carton or "Hello ma Baby" great art. It does not call American ragtime or a Russian folksong great art. It does not rank Synge's *Playboy* as great a play as *Hamlet* or *Lear,* and it does not rank anything that Mr. Yeats ever wrote coequal in dignity, profundity of emotion and strength of structure with the great poetic art of England at its representative best.

For if we are able to determine any one thing in so indeterminable a matter as art, it is that all the art of the world that has come down to us with the accumulated approvals of generations upon it is art that is abstract in its substance and universal in its significance. A man who makes idiom his intellectual language has necessarily impaired the scope of his intelligence and his appeal. He is working in a medium essentially transient, or, if not transient, at least limited in the range of its emotional dynamics. Force Beauty into wedlock with Idiom, and you mate a Princess to a reporter. The great poems of the world — on what have they been founded? On the love of any man for any woman, on a west wind, a skylark, a nightingale? The great pictures of the world? Surely the ones that we treasure most are idealisations, impressions, things that swim in a dream world between fact and fancy. Music? The great music of the world is not found in exploitations of Russian or Norwegian or Irish folk melodies. As a matter of concrete, ascertainable fact it is not one whit too much to claim that there is not a single trace of nationalism to be discovered in that kind of music that is ranked by concensus of opinion the loftiest kind of music. This is not a question of personal idiosyncrasy and infirmity of judgment; it is an objective, demonstrable proposition. That hordes of well-meaning and oftentimes eminent writers on this subject should in the face of this urge, year in, year out, the indispensable necessity of our expressing nationality in our music if our music is to be other than a negligible thing is a phenomena psychical in its significance. For the astoundingly obvious fact confronts us—that is to say it confronts us if we give the matter a moment's serious consideration—that nationalism is not only a dispensable component in the art of music—it is practically a non-existent component. Why then censure American music for lacking what no other music in the world possesses?

To those persons whose eyebrows rise and whose shoulders shrug over this statement I again emphasise the following distinction: There is, undoubtedly, a kind of music that partakes or appears to partake of the characteristics of a nation. It is often music of an inexpressible loveliness, tenderness and pathos. Turn, for example, to Percy Grainger's "Irish Tune from County Derry," and note the cleverly calculated effect of the consecutive fifths in the treble, or the hauntingly beautiful D flat in place of the D natural in the harmony at the close. Here is Ireland for you!—a few miraculous sentences out of George Moore's *Hail and Farewell* or that lyric in prose *The Lake.* Turn to the Grieg Concerto with its never to be forgotten second theme full of "the sighing sound, the lights around the shore." Turn to that incomparable bit of musical effervescence "The Bartered Bride" overture, a bit of sound as breezy and blithe as a mid-May day. Turn, above all, to those moments in Tchaikovsky where he utilises with what some of us think is an unrivalled ingenuity the folk music of Russia. One may prefer these things. I, for example, sometimes think that certain moments in Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony—a symphony impreg-

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nated with the moving spirit of nationalism—come closer to me than any other music in all Tchaikovsky. For a certain wistful, remote beauty—beauty literally moist with the heart-ache of the far-away—there are a few bars in the last movement which are a part of my very heart strings.

But here is the point: Aside from one's individual preferences, we are forced to acknowledge that this is not the kind of music that the world calls great music. Tchaikovsky at his greatest?—the "Romeo and Juliet," the "Francesca da Rimini," the "Pathetic" Symphony—music utterly lacking the faintest trace of national colour, music utterly ignoring national material. When Tchaikovsky frankly bases himself upon a national material, as he does in his C Minor Symphony, he is ignored, and the composition eventually falls into oblivion. Chopin at his greatest?—never the mazurkas, the polanaises where, indeed, certain national characteristics, however sophisticated, are in evidence, but, instead, the scherzos, the preludes, the etudes, the ballades—all of them music, sheerly abstract, music immaculately emancipated from a material world, music the origin of which is not a given locality, a special soil but the universal ether-world of the spirit. Wagner at his greatest?—by common consent *Tristan,* a work absolutely cosmopolitan in technical resource, in melodic colouring, in emotional appeal. Whether it be the opening bars of *Tristan,* or Beethoven's Fifth or Seventh Symphony or ninety per cent. of Chopin's incomparable music or what you will—we are confronted by a quality and kind of sound that comes out of a spiritual void and returns to it leaving in its wake no significance save that which is inherent in a sheer, intangible and disembodied loveliness.

Here are indisputable statements. An explanation of them may more properly belong to the province of psychology than to the province of æsthetics. It appears obvious, however, that the question rests on the relative valuableness of what one might call representative art versus abstract art. The records of art, if they demonstrate anything, demonstrate the tenuous and transient quality of an art that concerns itself with local or contemporary characteristics. Contrary to the popular opinion, the validity of an art appears to be in inverse proportion to its topical and topographical significance. When the advocate of ragtime from whom we have previously quoted suggests that "the future American symphony and opera will be written in ragtime," we realise the depths of absurdity to which a fundamental fallaciousness in one's point of view can lead one. And this fundamental fallaciousness resides in the indubitable and incontestable fact that art is not the expression of an aggregate, it is the expression of an individual. It is in no way, shape or form concerned with anything but itself. It is under no obligation to express nationality, and, indeed, it is only incidentally concerned with nationality. Art is a sublimated egoism, an adroit and exquisite exploitation of individual experience and of individual emotion. In its most felicitous and remarkable instances this vehemence of personal expression is miraculously combined with a decorative quality so sheerly beautiful that we would accept it if for nothing else than for its external beauty. Whether it be a picture of Renoir's, or a poem of Keats's; an etude of Chopin's, or Wagner's *Tristan,* the tendency is unmistakably in the direction of the abstract as opposed to the concrete precisions of representation. It is a short-sighted and bigoted æstheticism that would ignore the wistful, virile, fresh, pungent charm of folk-music and vernacular, but only a mediocre or an unthinking mind can place the manipulator of an existing idiom on the same plane with the originator or transmitter of a beauty that had not been previously in the world. By the simple expedient of utilising with discretion the million and more melodies tossed out year after year by our profligate pied-pipers of the Great White Way, a composer could

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achieve a not illegitimate effect of racy individualism. But this is a very different matter from the God-given uniqueness of utterance, structural beauty and emotional significance that means Genius. The great moments in music are a divine articulating of a new and intangible beauty, a beauty strangely come like a hint dropped us from eternity. They are not the stutterings of dialect. They are as far above the nasal twang of ragtime as the prose of Pater is above the vernacular of Mr. George M. Cohan. The reason we have not produced a great music maker in this country is not because we have no characteristic musical small-talk (we have oceans of it, and most of it is admirable for what it is), but solely and simply because we have had, with one exception, MacDowell, no individual temperament of a sufficient fineness, originality, intensity and inspirational vigour to create this music for us. If this music-maker comes, he will, in all human probabilities, not attempt to express the Grand Canyon or the Woolworth Building or the Steel Corporation in music. He will, no doubt, concern himself as Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Tchaikovsky and Wagner concerned themselves with mankind's enduring heritage of heartache and ecstasy, victory and defeat.

A people does not express itself in art, nor does it create art; its art is created for it by an individual who sometimes (witness our own MacDowell, Blakelock, and others) is driven into insanity over the opposition and indifference accorded him. Let it be respectfully submitted to the chronic champions of the people in art that the people's activities in art are usually confined to an inveterate antagonism to it. The German people did not compose *Tristan and Isolde; Tristan and Isolde* was composed by one Richard Wagner, intellectual and emotional autocrat if ever there was one. Not only in the external quality of its appeal, but, as well, in its fundamental substance a music and the point of view back of that music is not the peculiar and inalienable possession of a country or a people. Wagner's most comprehensive and compelling effort is based upon the sheerly simple theme of a man and woman in love. The only successful setting to music of Shakespeare was accomplished by an Italian, Verdi. Byron's *Manfred* and the exotic legend of *Francesca da Rimini* served the Russian Tchaikovsky as an inspiration for what may be his greatest music. We no sooner seem to have uncovered a point of view characteristically Russian in the most tragic music ever written, Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, than we find in that extraordinary conception of the Scotch-English James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," an analogous mood of infinite, poignant and terrible calamity. Obviously, the quality of individual conception, of individual imagination, is of a higher, keener, more precious kind than that of collective conception, collective imagination. That art, at its greatest, should serve to express and to typify the cumulative wants, passions and ideals of all human experience is an occult and fortuitous circumstance, seldom, if ever, a premeditated achievement.

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SILVER GREY LAURELS: AN APPRECIATION OF W. H. HUDSON*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

FAME is sometimes as blind as Cupid and as reckless in his choice of those upon whom to bestow his favours. Else, the books of W. H. Hudson* would now be delighting the very souls of thousands of readers who have never even heard of him. All who do know his work will be glad that fame seems to be preparing to make what amends are possible at this late day for the early mistake and to lay upon his whitening head the laurels that should have been placed there long ago. For both in England and America those who love good literature are learning what a treasure lies ready for them in his books. The laurels come late to him, but, one wonders, will he enjoy them any the less because he has reached the elder years and has already achieved what will be, perhaps, well nigh the full tale of his labours? So much are we accustomed to associating pleasure in the bays with youth or the vigourous years of manhood that one has to consider just what long-delayed but well-deserved fame may mean to a man who has lived long and done his work with but the scantiest meed of praise.

I am persuaded that to such a man late-coming fame must give far more of satisfaction and enjoyment than he could have gained from recognition earlier in life. For his wider knowledge of his fellow-men and deeper sympathy with them will endue their acclaim and regard with a richness and a weight of human meaning of which he would have known nothing in his younger life. Philosophy, too, the philosophy that comes only with years and knowledge of humanity, will help him to know just what is worth while in that acclaim so that he can easily cast aside its dross and enjoy in it that which is pure and fine. On the whole, it seems to me that one of the best and most worth having of the pleasures of life is his who has had to wait until the evening of his days for the appreciation of his fellows—if, finally, it comes to him in due, full measure. And just such silver grey laurels, it appears, in both England and America, are about to be the meed of W. H. Hudson.

But little is known, at least on this side of the Atlantic, about Mr. Hudson's life and personality. He has been writing delightful books for many years, but so little heed has been paid to them that no one has cared to inquire about their author. In addition, he is said to be a shy man and to dislike giving out information about himself. So, about all that can be said of him personally is the little it is possible to gather in a remark dropped here and there in his

*Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forrest. By W. H. Hudson. Introduction by John Galsworthy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The Purple Land: Being the Narrative of Richard Lamb's Adventures in South America, as Told by Himself. By W. H. Hudson. Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Tales of the Pampas. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A Crystal Age. By W. H. Hudson. Introduction by Clifford Smyth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Adventures Among Birds. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A Shepherd's Life: Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs. By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated by Bernard C. Gotch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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essays of observation and comment upon wild life. There one learns that he is an Englishman who was born in South America, apparently in Uruguay; that he grew up on a big ranch in that country and had much outdoor life; that he became, by impelling native bent, a naturalist with ornithology as his specialty, but with such consuming interest in all out-of-doors as caused him to watch with seeing and enjoying and loving eyes all of Nature's manifestations and so to acquire wide and varied knowledge about her ways and her doings; that he travelled a good deal round about South America; that, apparently in the early '80's of the last century, he went to England to live; and that he has since gone up and down that country studying birds and beasts and humans, loving all of them and finding them always worth while. He himself says that all the interesting part of his life ceased with his boyhood and that his biography ends when he was fifteen. Anyone who has read certain of his books, especially the *Idle Days in Patagonia,* will understand that he means by that somewhat cryptic remark that those early years, when he lived much out of doors on the almost uninhabited pampas, meant to him so much of soul growth, such nearness to nature, and stand out so vividly in his memory that they dwarf all the subsequent years and make them seem poor and lean.

This Hudson should not be confused, as he sometimes is, with William Henry Hudson, professor of literature and literary critic, who was for a time Herbert Spencer's secretary and afterward spent some years in the United States. While here he was associated first with Cornell University, then with Leland Stanford University and afterward with the University of Chicago. He is now a member of the faculty of the University of London.

The eight volumes listed above are the only ones of W. H. Hudson's works that, so far as I know, have been published in this country. But half a score more have appeared in England at various times during the last thirty years. Now and then one of his essays, compounded of observation of nature, deeply searching philosophy, charmingly told anecdotes, vivid descriptions, has appeared in some English periodical. But only, I am told, within the last very few years have English readers, save here and there one who recognised his fine quality and welcomed his rare spirit, begun to ask for his books. In this country one publisher tried to introduce him to the American public as much as ten years ago. But the American public was oblivious to all that he had to tell them until Mr. Galsworthy's introduction to *Green Mansions,* which was first brought out here last spring—it was published in England in 1904—began to open their eyes.

His books vary widely in their literary form but the same spirit speaks in them all. Whoever has once fallen under the charm of that spirit will not rest until he has pursued acquaintance with the author through all the forms of his literary activity. Four of these eight volumes are fiction. *The Purple Land,* which apparently was his first book and was published first in England in 1885, is a tale of adventure in Uruguay picturing life and people as they were fifty years ago; *A Crystal Age* is a fantasy of humanity perfected, a romance of ideal conditions; *Tales of the Pampas* is a collection of short stories scened in South America; *Green Mansions* is a romantic love story of the tropical forest. The other four contain collections of essays or papers, the sort of thing in which many Hudson lovers find him at his best and most enjoyable. They cover observation of wild life, especially of birds, of nature in her varied moods, of man's relation to nature, its effect upon him and his response, in widely severed parts of the earth. But intermingled with all this are graphic descriptions, illuminative anecdotes, bits of story, much deeply searching philosophy and a keen sensitiveness to beauty.

Whatever Mr. Hudson's theme and whatever his mode of expression there

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runs through everything that he writes a rare spirit of oneness with nature, of close harmony with the indwelling spirit of all life, past or present, beast or human, tree or flower. It is an ever-present consciousness with him, an atmosphere in which he lives and moves and has his being, a medium through which he thinks and writes rather than something which he consciously tries to express. It is this which so anoints him with individuality and sets him apart from all others who have looked upon nature and found her good and tried to tell others about her. The hero of *Green Mansions,* long wandering under the lead of unworthy motives but at last letting himself come under the influence of a beautiful scene, experiences "a strange sense and apprehension of a secret innocence and spirituality in nature," and, yielding to nature's outstretched hand, enters into close communion with her. In one of the articles in *Idle Days in Patagonia* as he notes his own joy in some manifestation of nature he turns aside to inquire why this was so and concludes: "We ourselves are the living sepulchres of a dead past . . . and the bones rejoice and dance in their sepulchre when sounds or sights in nature bring memory of ancient time." And again he speaks of "that wild nature in which and to which we were born at an inconceivably remote past and which made us what we are." It is this pervading, thrilling, exalting sense of close and harmonious kinship with the indwelling spirit of all life, I think, that makes Hudson what John Galsworthy so truly calls him in his introduction to *Green Mansions,* "the most valuable writer our Age possesses," "the rarest spirit among living writers," and his work "the truest vision now being given to us, who are more in want of it than any generation has ever been."

The spirit of romance moves and inspires in all of Hudson's fiction, although through it all there is also the closest observation of nature and of people. In the adventures of Richard Lamb, the young Englishman who tells his own story in *The Purple Land,* there is a long and varied series of realistic pictures of life in the "Banda Oriental" of South America half a century ago, of life in the towns, on the big ranches, among the guachos, on the long and lonely roads, in the army—it is an ever changing kaleidoscope of vivid colours and passions and emotions and of constant action. Hudson is a master of the method of making a tale convincing by attention to detail. But its spirit throughout is the spirit of romance, high, daring, youthful, questing. The young hero gives it eloquent voice in several pages at the end when he goes to "the crest of the great solitary hill" back of Montevideo, "to take from its summit my last view of the Purple Land where I had spent so many eventful days." Those days, wherein he has been "one with nature," have had a wonderful influence upon him, have made of him a different man—more human and less English—and passionately he expresses his gratitude and his devotion and his ardent hope that "the blight of our superior civilisation may never fall" on the land he has come to love so much. I feel it my duty to advise prospective readers of *The Purple Land* to pass by without even looking at the brief introductory note by Theodore Roosevelt. He has evidently read much that Hudson has written, but he has been, at least so far as he gives any sign in these two pages, deaf and blind to its spirit, its finest significance, its greatest value. His appreciation is solely for the superficial aspect of Hudson's work.

Someone has called "El Ombú," the opening story in the half dozen that comprise the *Tales of the Pampas,* "the finest short story in English." It is unthinking, happy-go-lucky criticism that indulges in such generalisation, since so superlative a creation would have to combine highest excellence of many kinds and even then the meed would be dependent mainly upon personal taste. In none of these short stories is there that closeness and compactness of construction which is supposed to mean so

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much in the art of the short story. It is an artificial development of a highly specialised form of literature, and in none of Hudson's work is there the least suggestion of artificiality. The very simplicity of the construction and manner of telling in these stories brings you closer to the people and the life they depict and makes them seem all the more real. These "Tales of the Pampas" have a haunting impressiveness. After reading one of them its people linger, a ghostly but very real company, on the outskirts of the mind and with insistent hands cling to the fringes of one's thought and feeling.

For sheer, exquisite beauty of idea and scene and presentation I do not know in English fiction the equal of *Green Mansions,* which relates the quest in a tropical forest of a young Venezuelan for a bird voice which lures him on by its wonderful music, his finding at last of the lovely-souled bird-girl Rima, their love story and its ending. Not only is it a beautiful story, but it is lavishly rich in its suggestiveness, its knowledge of the wild things of the forest, its human wisdom, its meanings. One may find in it only a lovely tale of exquisite, fairy like beauty, and another may see in it a rich and beautiful allegory of the human spirit, of its unceasing quest for the ideal and of how it is forever ennobled if it live on that higher plane for but a little while, and to another the tale may have still other meaning. For anything in literature that is really great and fine has many meanings, almost as many as there are minds that respond to its appeal. It always means much more than even its author is conscious of when he creates it. But whatever the message *Green Mansions* may have, it is the kind of book of which one wants to read every line, which one keeps near at hand to touch occasionally and open and dip into with fond memory of former appreciation and every now and then to read all through again, finding each time fresh matter of interest and delight.

"The sense of the beautiful," Hudson says in one of his books, "is God's best gift to the human soul." Thus thinking, it is not strange that the sense of the beautiful should so suffuse and make radiant his written word, whether in story or essay. His appreciation, moreover, is not merely for that which appeals to eye and ear and touch, but also for the spiritually beautiful and harmonious and aspiring. It has ardent expression in *A Crystal Age,* which was one of his earliest books. A fantasy, setting forth his idea of a perfect form of human life, with something of whimsey introduced, Puck like, every now and then, it might be called "a book in praise of beauty." But Hudson has read Nature's stern mandate in all her works and the note of poignant melancholy upon which the story closes is an inevitable conclusion, a truth which he voices directly in the last words of his preface: "Earthly excellence can come in no way but one and the ending of passion and strife is the beginning of decay. It is indeed a hard saying and the hardest lesson we can learn of Nature without losing love and bidding good-bye forever to hope."

Galsworthy says that "as a stylist Hudson has few, if any, living equals." Although it seems to me just as well not to deal in superlatives in statements that, after all, are so likely to be coloured by personal taste, the most moderate judgment must credit him with having a remarkable command of English and of being able to use it with very great effectiveness. Beauty of sound and of vision and well-nigh perfect adaptation of means to end, or, as Galsworthy phrases it, the working "of heart and brain and ear perfectly together to let one into the core of his thoughts and visions," mark his style. He is a great stylist because he is utterly unconcerned about his style and because his sense of beauty is so keen and unfailing that it will not let him be guilty of awkwardness or ugliness in his manner of speech. His style is a medium so crystal clear that it never obstructs or detracts from the beauty and the interest of what he says. He has so much to say that is

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beautiful, interesting and of consequence that it is not worth while for him to adorn with gauds the dress in which he sets it forth.

If one reads Hudson very much enjoyment of him tends to become like those intimate spiritual experiences of which one hesitates to speak, unless to those of whose understanding and sympathy one is sure. And that is very much the way I feel about the four books of essays listed above. He may be wandering over the Wiltshire Downs gathering wisdom about life and nature from the lips of an old shepherd, feeling himself "at home wherever grass grows," or, knowing of the homes among the trees, joying in that "sense of beautiful human things hidden from sight among the masses of foliage," or he may be adventuring among his friends the birds whose ways he knows so well in England or Patagonia or elsewhere, or he may be riding in the grey brush of a forbidding South American wilderness and "going back" in emotional experience to the far, dim childhood of the race, or fraternising with guachos, or philosophising on the perfume of an evening primrose and finding why smell is an emotional sense. But always he is reaching out his hand, through the known, into the guessed and the unknown, and clasping the hand of —what? Perhaps Nature? Perhaps God?

Being a naturalist of wide knowledge and high authority, whatever Hudson writes, permeated as it all is with his acquaintance with nature, has the strong and worth while fibre of exact knowledge. He is worth reading by those who care only for material things just because of all he has seen and knows. This wide, sure knowledge makes his pages like a long series of rooms filled with curious and interesting and beautiful things, some of them brought from the ends of the earth and others, which in our blindness we have never seen, picked up at our very feet. But chiefly and very greatly is he valuable—and in Mr. Galsworthy's estimate of his worth and of this Age's need of him I fully agree—because of his spirit, which is as sane, as sweet, as wise and as youthful as Emerson's, and because he leads us into the clean, vast solitudes of nature and interprets for us the winds that blow therein from forgotten shores of time and the sights and sounds that have messages of high consequence for our souls. He knows that "Out of his heart God shall not pass" who is free of those solitudes and he leads us thither and makes us at least not afraid of them and willing to listen to that "Nature Says" that sounds in high authority through all their spaces. Whoever goes upon one of these journeys with him comes back with a new sense of values, with the feeling that his soul has been plunged in some cleansing, refreshing stream and that into his heart has been instilled a new reverence for the good and beautiful and noble and for the worth and dignity of life.

After reading one of Hudson's books one feels toward him a personal debt so great that one can discharge some small part of it only by handing on to others the news of what he is and does. And therefore I hope that, for the lessening of my own very great debt to him, all who read this inadequate account of his work will be lead to explore his writings. May America, so long heedless of his worth, quickly make rich addition to his delayed but well-deserved laurels!

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THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE WORKER IN MODERN FICTION

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

In fiction as in life the important, basal changes are those which come gradually, almost imperceptibly. We look back and realise that they have occurred, but the precise moment when becoming finally merged into being is usually difficult to discover; thus it is nearly if not quite impossible to define when the old contemptuous pity for the worker first turned into respect, and respect into open adoration. It is not so very long ago that to work and to be in more or less dire need of money were practically synonymous; then the tribulations of the fiction hero ended automatically when some kind relative bestowed a fortune upon him—usually by dying, occasionally by some less drastic method. And in those earlier, simpler days qualms of conscience seldom annoyed our friend the hero; he took the gifts without asking whether the gods who provided them belonged to the upper or the nether regions. Work implied lack of money, lack of money was recognised as the root of all evil, and inquiry penetrated no further.

But to-day we understand that work has inherent remunerative qualities entirely apart from its market value; alongside of the familiar saying "art for art's sake," we are placing another—"work for work's sake." In all the better-class modern fiction, and in a large proportion of the poorer, if the hero is not "doing something" when the novel or short story begins, the reader feels confident that the theme will probably include his development from idler to worker; no matter how rich he may be, the old ideal of "gentlemanly" do-nothingness is not for him. Politics, art, social service—he may choose any one of a dozen fields, but in that one he is required, and required by an individual once easily pleased, to use his utmost energy. For the heroine is no longer of Jane Bennet's opinion that a young man who is "sensible, good-humoured, lively," is all that a young man ought to be. If the author happens to be a person of elderly mentality and conservative ideas, the heroine will inspire her eventual lover by precept; otherwise, the chances are that she will do it by example, since she is evolving from spender to maker faster even than did the hero, though her dread and fear of work were once greater than his—which is saying a good deal. Witness, for example, the amiable and flaccid Edward Ferrars of *Sense and Sensibility,* who lounged about bemoaning his fate, receiving doles from any hand that proffered them, and finally clutched his mother's grudged largesse with all the complacent alacrity of a professional beggar; then turn for a typical modern hero to him who plays the leading part in Mr. Beresford's *Mountains of the Moon.* Or consider those four remarkable volumes in which is related the history of *Pelle the Conqueror;* here we find hailed as victor, as the prince who found the treasure and won the princess, a manual labourer, the son of a farm-hand who learned a trade, became spokesman of his union and then of his class, never left it to enter politics or the bourgeoisie, but tried to work out a scheme for its salvation, and incidentally won his own. That ancient phrase strikes in truth the keynote of much of our modern fiction; working out one's own salvation often implying the finding of salvation through work.

It is because of the spreading belief in the efficacy of this particular method that the tragedy or triumph of a modern

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novel so frequently develops from work mistaken, denied, or achieved. Louis Couperus's admirably drawn Van der Welcke, "small soul" though he was, owed much of his futility and unhappiness to the fact that he had cut himself off from the career in which he really took some interest, and was obliged either to idle or to busy himself about matters for which he did not care at all. By setting him free to follow the difficult paths of the art he loved, *David Penstephen's* outlawry becomes a blessing instead of a curse; the many woes of *The Family* of Eleanor Mordaunt's brilliant and depressing novel arise inevitably from the way the well-intentioned parents force their children, square pegs everyone of them, into the round holes of correct professions and ladylike idleness. In modern fiction it is the lack of something to do which is the greatest of all evils, not only for the hero, but often for his feminine counterpart as well, and this theory, now almost if not quite generally accepted, implies the most thorough-going *volte-face* imaginable. One does not need to go back very many years to arrive at the time when the virtuous heroine forced to earn her living was regarded as one of the most pathetic of figures, sure to win sympathy if not tears. The heroine who was not quite so virtuous could rely as confidently upon obtaining pardon for misdemeanours which were the result of an attempt to escape from the hideous doom of being obliged "to do something," as can she of to-day for trespasses which are the result of an attempt to find something to do. Once we beheld the bankrupt or invalided father weeping bitterly because of his inability to maintain his lady-daughter in the "elegant ease" which he and she both regarded as her manifest right; now we see the very different spectacle of a wealthy and enraged parent whose daughter insists upon entering one of the professions or at the very least, upon giving time and money to some "movement," demanding work as persistently as she once demanded idleness, and much more vehemently, not troubling herself a great deal about her status as a lady, but very anxious to attain a full measure of womanhood.

Before the outbreak of the Great War several very notable English novelists had written books portraying the man of weak and indolent fibre, the "slacker" and doing it in a way which inferentially contributed more than a little to the glorification of the worker; but it is the distinction of American writers, the one point in which they may fairly claim superiority over their English brethren, that they have, generally speaking, gone far beyond them in the extent to which they have shared this apotheosis between the sexes. In *Angela's Business* Mr. Harrison shows us Mary, the self-supporting worker, as the fine, truly "womanly woman," in contrast to the old-fashioned, traditions-obeying Angela; for all the sign-painter style and quality of his writing, Rupert Hughes has in *The Thirteenth Commandment* given a fairly good picture of a girl who found dependence incompatible with self-respect; Mr. Webster's *The Great Adventure* carries the theme one degree further forward, out of the material into the mental realm, sounding yet more clearly the note of happiness in work; Will Levington Comfort, sole mystic and perhaps most individual among the leading American novelists, goes further still, in that he passes beyond the need of work and the joy of it to the ultimate effect on character and in Betty Berry, "woman of the future," shows us the finely tempered free spirit of the woman to whom work has brought first material, then mental and spiritual independence, not taking from her one iota of her tenderness and generosity and power of loving self-sacrifice, but on the contrary, liberating all three. If from some points of view the apotheosis of the male worker is best exemplified in *Pelle the Conqueror,* that of the woman is perhaps most truly and winningly presented by this heroine of *Down Among Men.*

Yet she can scarcely hold this first

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place unchallenged; for there is a certain quiet Englishwoman who, though she would probably never dream of doing such a thing, might well dispute it with her—Bee Sorrenford, of Leonard Merrick's *Quaint Companions*. And her creator being as essentially a realist as Betty Berry's is a mystic, Bee, with her valiant effort to adjust conflicting claims and be at once dependable daughter and worth-while landscape painter, provides an admirable illustration of a most important and perplexing problem —the same problem which Mr. Merwin has dealt with so interestingly in his *Trufflers*. For the glorification of the man who works has come easily and smoothly, without problems, defiance or revolt, because the only claims conflicting with his ambitions were those of caste, and caste is an idol now worshipped only by the more radical of the proletariat. Against the glorification of the woman worker, on the contrary, pleas and anathemas have been hurled, in fiction and without, principally because of the belief that she is one who neglects or refuses to pay due homage to images still held sacred. Rather curiously mingled with all this, however, there is a more or less tacit acknowledgment of changed standards, and so we find even the conservative type of heroine reaching out toward achievement of some sort. If all else is denied her, she falls back upon her long-ago appointed task of rescuing the hero, either from drink, from general worthlessness, or from a lady of the "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair" species. The air of apology, if not repudiation, with which the heroine who desired or ventured "to go out into the world and compete with men" used always to be presented is not, it must be admitted, altogether a thing of yesterday.

When the working-woman first entered fiction, she was treated with much the same kind of pity we now show toward the feebleminded or the deformed; then she began to receive a little, presently a good deal of praise. But pity and praise alike depended on this one condition: she must work only because it was her duty, and preferably, in order that she might support someone else. There must be no question of her deserting the ranks of the "sheltered" in order to follow her personal inclinations, for she was admirable only when sacrificing herself and her own desires. The hero might pursue his profession because he liked it; the heroine, if she had one, must regard it only as a method of self-abnegation—at any rate, in the beginning. Later, she might be permitted to find in it some small measure of satisfaction, but this satisfaction was exclusively the reward of her virtue and renunciation. Even so modern and delightful a heroine as Miss Glasgow's Gabriella, enters business only when, penniless, she is obliged to provide for her children somehow, some way, and the heroine who wants a career of one kind or another and is presently taught the error of her ways, is by no means extinct. Work only because you must, and stop at the very first opportunity: but under any and all circumstances, sacrifice yourself. These have been the rules laid down for the vast majority of heroines that long succession of feminine Saint Lawrences toasting on the gridirons of whatever it might please their creators to call their duty.

In recent years, however, we have begun to consider a merely toasted heroine a trifle flavourless and old-fashioned. Something more is needed to appeal to modern taste, meekness and submission, so far from winning admiration for their own sakes and by themselves, being looked upon with some disfavour as indications of weakness, and tolerated only when there is an exceedingly good reason for their existence. The changed standards which made it possible for Mr. Locke to depict his latest hero as cheerfully throwing a napkin over his arm and serving as waiter at the *Hôtel des Grottes,* instead of rhapsodising poetically over his misfortunes while he slowly and genteelly starved to death, are giving us heroines such as Sue Wilde of

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The Trufflers, young women who make as persistent an effort to do something as ever the "delicate and timid female" of Victorian days made to avoid doing anything. True, these resolute young persons have not yet been long enough a part of the general order of things to be immune from the attacks of the conscientious objector, but this fact only renders them the more interesting. The worker-hero has arranged his halo, and now wears it easily, comfortably, and without creating any great amount of discussion or excitement. The worker-heroine, on the contrary, is still busy adjusting hers, and there exist a few energetic and entertaining reactionaries, like that very able writer, Oliver Onions, who proclaim aloud their opinion that it is most unbecoming, that it does not fit and never will, and do their best to take it away from her, or at the very least, push it askew. But in spite of all their efforts, she is every instant settling it more firmly and comfortably upon her brow, for her day of triumph has dawned, and the apotheosis of the worker, man and woman alike, will soon be complete, absolute,—and a matter of course.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

In some sense all human experience is a quest, and all literature a record of that quest. The function of recording has been pretty consciously and seriously undertaken by Twentieth Century fiction. Witness our addiction to the "life" story, by which we mean not the escorting of a human being from start to finish of his random journey, beginning with his initial squeak and ending with the last clod sounding on his coffin, but the sharing of his great experience, his quest for the meaning of life. Such has been the theme of all the greater novels of our time; and in them the quest is not shown to be in vain. With the lesser story-tellers, among them many of the ante-bellum British of the younger school, the quest has remained a wavering affair with no certain conclusion—as, for instance, in the *Three Sons and a Mother* of Gilbert Cannan, or the *Casuals of the Sea* of the greatly trumpeted Mr. McFee. In *The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan,* of which I was speaking last month, we seemed to be headed for something, and promised satisfaction in the sequel. Another recent story, *Windy McPherson's* Son, is in no way indeterminate: when we leave our man, we feel that he has found himself, such as he is, and so fulfilled his destiny. All the greater novels, I say, show men and women groping for self-consciousness, for self-realisation, the main thing being not that they shall achieve certain things, but that they shall orient themselves, find their relation to life—what they are, and what they are *for.* Of these greater novels one, of course, is *Jean-Christophe,* and another, not less certainly, is *Pelle the Conqueror.*

*Pelle the Conqueror: Daybreak. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Muir. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Ordeal by Fire. By Marcel Berger. Translated by Mrs. Cecil Curtis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Keys of the City. By Oscar Graeve. New York: The Century Company.

The Balance. By Francis R. Bellamy. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

A Soldier of Life. By Hugh de Sélincourt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Michael. By E. F. Benson. New York: G. H. Doran Company.

The Castaways. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons

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With "Daybreak," the fourth and concluding volume of this modern Danish masterpiece is given to English readers. What we may know of the author has been briefly put, beyond need of paraphrase, by a compatriot, Professor Jesperson of the University of Copenhagen: "When the first part of 'Pelle Erobreren' (Pelle the Conqueror) appeared in 1906, its author, Martin Andersen Nexö, was practically unknown even in his native country, save to a few literary people who knew that he had written some volumes of stories and a book full of sunshiny reminiscences from Spain. And even now, after his great success with 'Pelle,' very little is known about the writer. He was born in 1869 in one of the poorest quarters of Copenhagen, but spent his boyhood in his beloved island Bornholm, in the Baltic, in or near the town, Nexö, from which his final name is derived. There, too, he was a shoemaker's apprentice, like Pelle in the second part of the book, which resembles many great novels in being largely autobiographical. Later, he gained his livelihood as a bricklayer, until he somehow managed to get to one of the most renowned of our 'people's high-schools,' where he studied so effectually that he was enabled to become a teacher, first at a provincial school, and later in Copenhagen."

Readers of the complete "Pelle" will perceive that many strands of the writer's own experience are woven into the narrative. If Pelle represents him in part, so also does Morten the writer, whose work, at first merely "literary," is gradually deepened and strengthened by love for his kind; and who after a flight in the healing sunshine of the South, returns to write the story of his friend Pelle:

"I think it's a lot of rubbish," said Pelle, laughing. . . . "And you'll have to lay the lies on thick if you're going to make me into a prince. I don't think you'll get the workpeople to take it for a real book; it'll all be so well known and ordinary."—"They'll snatch at it, and weep with delight and pride at finding themselves in it. Perhaps they'll name their children after it in pure gratitude."—"What are you going to call it then?" asked Pelle.—"I'm going to call it 'Pelle the Conqueror.'"

What is this conquest? We leave Pelle possessor of a competency, master of a business, initiator of a new system of co-operative labour which promises well for the future of the workers. He has also, after years of married life, won through to a perfect wedded love. But these are merely symbols of his greater conquest, his triumph over those confused forces which, for whatever price in the world's exchange, subdue men's hands to what they work in, keep them vaguely and hopelessly fumbling for a key to the riddle of themselves. Taken by itself, as a story, this fourth part is of less dramatic interest than its predecessors. In the third, it will be recalled, Pelle sacrificed his wife and children as well as himself to his Cause, led a militant movement for labour against capital, and was jailed for his pains. Here we see him emerging, some years later, to find himself half-forgotten by his old followers, and no longer desiring to lead them along the old path. His wife has not forgotten him, and in her companionship he quietly works out a new way of being useful to his fellows; the whole book is a sort of tranquil concluding movement, summing up Pelle, though in a sense his life is just begun.

The *Ordeal By Fire* of Marcel Berger does not introduce us to a hero in the nursery. When the story begins, indeed, his quest seems to have ended, and ended negatively. On the first of August, 1914, this young M. Dreher appears to be a specimen pretty definitely cut and dried and tucked away on his shelf. He is of good birth and breeding, with that fondness for sport which the twentieth century Parisian has added to his joy in the boulevards. The family is of Lorraine, the father an old officer who lives in the hope of another accounting with Germany. The eldest son has inherited his ardour and his profession,

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and is stationed near the frontier. But our Michel Dreher, at twenty-seven, confesses to no ardours. He has found a comfortable billet, can live as he chooses; his is a sensitive nature deliberately trained back upon itself. He has acquired all the manners and habits of the cynic and egoist; love, religion, patriotism are words for which he has no emotional response. This is the man as the war finds him vaguely philandering through a holiday in Switzerland: what can it do with him? What it does, of course, is to subject him to its "ordeal by fire," to rouse him, by degrees, to the realisation and expression of his true self. It is that self which, in moments of crisis, invariably wins. He has no desire to fight for France, and being in Switzerland when the order for mobilisation comes, might have avoided service. He cannot. Taking his place as a sergeant of reserves, he has no zeal to begin with, deliberately plays the part of slacker. Yet presently a sense of responsibility for his men annoys him and forces him to do his best. When the first actual fighting comes, he has all the sensations of the coward and deserter, but his conduct is that of a brave man. By degrees the crust of his egoism is chipped away, he feels the love of country, the love of comrades, and the deeper love of woman. He is disabled while leading a desperate charge in that great action which turned the tide against the invading Germans, and is invalided home, to be rewarded fitly by the love of his woman for that triumph of which we feel that his official "heroism" is but a symbol or chance manifestation. This book also is built upon direct personal experience; the author was a sergeant in the French army, and must have been invalided, or this record could hardly have been written. But it is a story, and not a series of jottings and reminiscences. It not only reproduces with amazing vividness the atmosphere of those earlier and more dramatic months of the war on French soil; it projects also a series of remarkably clear characterisations. We get to know and to understand these men of Dreher's company, both as persons and as types. Rascals they are, many of them, Parisian guttersnipes, drunken buffoons, sulky peasants; and yet we see them slowly welded together by discipline, by the hard routine of active service, by a subtle morale which hangs largely upon the non-commissioned officers—into an efficient unit, doing its bit for France. Perhaps the most striking thing about these French soldiers of M. Berger's is their likeness to the English Tommy—the same irrepressible boyishness, the same fondness for horseplay and disdain of posing, the same casual and matter-of-fact gallantry when the moment of test comes. The Frenchman of the English stage and of English fiction will hardly survive this war—the little gesticulating monkey-like figure of Anglo-American fancy. This, evidently, is a book of deeper mood and meaning than the now famous *Gaspard;* here are Gaspards in their natural setting and relation to the great theme as a whole—the great theme of France at war, which has here its finest interpretation in fiction thus far.

Two American "first novels" of uncommon quality are before us this month. They are both "life" novels, stories of quest. *The Keys of the City,* to be sure, is of the negative or indeterminate type. David Wells, with all his groping and seeking, does not succeed in finding himself; or, at least, does not find a stable and triumphant self. The story not so much ends as ceases at a moment of fresh *impasse.* He is simply the poor boy who has gained the world and failed to master his soul. David is the son of a fisherman on a Brooklyn shore from which the rising spires of New York may be seen. From childhood the boy's ambition is to win the "keys" of that greater city, to make himself important and powerful there. He is a dreamer and impatient of first steps; and his first contact with the city results in a rebuff. He becomes a vain hunter of jobs, finds a furtive mistress in a boarding-house, and through her is

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put in the way of work which really rouses him. He goes the road of the virtuous apprentice, marries his employer's daughter, and achieves unhappiness with her. Meanwhile there is Nora always in the background of his mind—Nora who has been his playmate, whom he has always "really loved." Nora's young womanhood has been blighted by the discovery that her mother is a light woman; and she has flung forth defiantly, to follow a lawless way of her own. She has suffered the usual penalties from without, but has too much strength of character to go under. It is at the moment when his own marriage has proved itself a mockery that David and Nora see each other again. It is Nora now who "really loves," but she conceals it for a time. Then comes the test of the final separation that confronts them. A strong man who knows her history offers Nora an opportunity for usefulness in the West—and offers himself, when she will have him. She explains it all to David, they agree that she may best take the new step. And then, on the eve of parting, Nora has to reveal her feeling for David. Still, they are going to be brave and noble: David's wife loves him, and it is not her fault that she is a fool. Finally, one parting scene too many is staged in the Pennsylvania Station, with Nora's train at all-aboard:

> Together they reached the long platform against which the train lay with level steps. "Good-bye, my dear," said Nora, and she took her bag from him and kissed him. But he held her fast; with all his strength, one hand gripping each of her arms, he locked her to him.—"David!" she cried. "This is madness!"—"Yes, it is madness," he echoed. "But it has to be."—A commotion burst around them, guards called to them; one guard shook David's shoulder. The train began to move slowly, it gained headway; like a serpent with jewelled sides it slid away. Nora had ceased to struggle; a dead weight she had fallen against David so that he had to support her. . . . "What are you going to do with me now, David?" she asked.

What indeed? And when he has done with or for her, what will he do with himself? He does not know, his author does not know; and all we are sure of is that he has muddled things again. The keys of the city he may have won, but he is as far as ever from possessing the keys of his own life.

Well, we are promptly assured, this is what happens in "real life." People do muddle things, do go through the years without finding out what anything is about, least of all themselves. But not all people: the fact as well as the idea of the Quest is the one thing we must cling to if we are to keep any sort of faith in the dignity of human life. And the seeker who finds is the real hero of our days, as well as of our romances. There is no uncertainty about the issue in *The Balance,* which deals freshly and strongly with the perennial theme of youth seeking first the false success and then the true. The book gives us the inner or "inside" story of that Sammy who (says the story-teller) has been so artfully concealed in the formal biography of S. Sydney Tappan, the dramatist. Another Sentimental Tommy in boyhood, equally given to dreams and to poses, in thought aspiring to the stars, in conduct following the line of least resistance. At the moment when his inglorious career at Williams is cut short, his mother dies, full of pride in those virtues which his letters have hypothecated. He rouses for a moment to hate himself for this, but presently slips back into his comfortable illusions. Already there is a girl to set him on a pedestal. Carrie Schroeder is the daughter of a successful and chuckle-headed business man, and of his spouse, a single-minded climber. Carrie herself has derived from some miraculous source, a nature of rare simplicity and strength. She is *integer vitæ,* a person for whom no painful search of paths is necessary. But she loves a Sammy who must do a lot of seeking, and who will many times shake her faith before he at last justifies it. Schroeder *père* will have none of

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Sammy as a dreamer, whereupon Sammy throws away his little patrimony in a vain attempt to prove himself a man of affairs. That leaves nothing for him to do, naturally, but to set out for New York with a fellow-adventurer, a young musician, and to assault Broadway, that well-known encourager of penniless genius. Here our faith in the author is put to the test, for the musical sketch of the hopeful pair actually "lands," and so lays the first stone of S. Sydney Tappan's career. I think that the test is met, on the whole—that we are actually induced to believe in "our Sammy's" genius. But it is a wandering genius at the outset. Its second dramatic feat is a play written for a popular actress who has found her billet in the risky and suggestive variety of stage claptrap. *The Lady in the Lion's Skin* is a drama deliberately built around an undressing scene. Whether Sammy could credibly be fatuous enough to bring out such a play in his native Melchester and to take his Carrie to the opening night, is one of the queries which the story-teller leaves rankling in our minds. As a test of Carrie, it is effective. She promptly disowns the play and its maker, to his consternation and, we are to believe, bewilderment. But of course the play "goes" on Broadway, and Sammy is a made man. Carrie takes to settlement work. Sammy is defiant, thoroughly means to go ahead with his profitable stage business. Sylvia, the lady of the lion's skin, is no mean enchantress. But Sammy is unconsciously bound to Carrie and what she stands for: presently it is revealed to him, and he casts away profit to write a play of deep humanity. Before he reaps, in Carrie, his reward, there comes an episode of quixotic self-sacrifice of the kind which is always irritating to the reasonable spectator: Sammy marries a girl who has got into "trouble," simply to save her rather trivial reputation. He is deceived about the whole business. Ruby's real betrayer, Bantry the Irish baritone, is, to tell the truth, a pretty raw sort of villain. We might have been glad to get on without this whole episode. But the book is full of charm and as a whole rings true. Perhaps the author is experimenting in manner a trifle, he affects the intimate, Thackerayan touch. Here are our facts and our people, he seems to say—amusing, are not they? And perhaps they mean something or other—I incline to think so-and-so—what do *you* think?

> You've got to find your own faith, your own worship, your own religion, your own guiding star. Your self, really. Good luck to you, my dear fellow, in your quest. It is the quest of all men who are men.

So says Dr. Redman in *A Soldier of Life*. He is speaking to James Wood, who, like the Michel Dreher of *Ordeal by Fire,* is a crippled soldier of the present war, telling his own story. Otherwise the books are in striking contrast. Dreher, it will be recalled, "finds" himself through the war; it interprets things for him and gets him ready to live. Wood, on the contrary, is wrecked by it. He drags what is left of him out of the conflict without having had an inkling as to its meaning. There has been no heroic thrill in his experience of the trenches, only a weary horror and disgust:

> You awoke from boredom to sights of hell—sordid filth and beastliness—sank back into blacker deeps of boredom; mud for our minds blacker than the mud in which our bodies floundered. . . . I am disabled, and still I regard the wound as fortunate, preferable to the disablement that boredom was working on my spirit. Dirt and horror bore a man more than anything in the world.

Such is his first reaction. But he is haunted by the memory of that horror and that boredom, nervously unhinged and, as he is too aware, in a fair way to go mad. A familiar spirit appears to him, offering aid, but he shrinks from it as a symptom of mental disease, and tries to fall back upon the British bulwark of common sense: he will be what

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he used to be, matter-of-fact, normal, a liver in the present. And as a sign of his normality, he will marry (against the protest of his familiar) the pretty girl who is ready to make a sweet wife for him—who would, his mother says, make a sweet wife for any man. Meanwhile his extreme sensibility persists. But the physical squalour and horror of war as he has known it possesses his imagination. It seems to him that the existence of such things is intolerable proof of the essential beastliness of mankind. He cannot outlive the sensation that went with boredom in the trenches: "the mere weight of shame at being a man at all; a shame that no one mentioned; a shame that stared out of many an eye." Common sense fails him, and he has a try at religion—a flash in the pan. Then finally, while he trembles on the brink of madness, comes the miracle of the supreme human relation, the miracle of love; and with that touchstone he is safe, everything becomes intelligible, he is himself at last. I must confess that the Corinna through whom this comes to pass is to me the least "convincing" element in the book. She walks a goddess, perhaps, we must take the author's word for that, but she certainly talks like a book, or like Mr. H. G. Wells in his most cocksure and least inspired moments. We come very near feeling that James Wood is that strange portent, a man who can be lectured into sanity. And there are certain passages in the course of their *rapprochement* which cheapen the whole, make us wonder if these people are worth all this pother.

In *Michael* Mr. E. F. Benson shows himself, as always, a very capable story-teller with no genius to disarrange his neat workmanship. One habit of his he does not outgrow, which seems to me a bad habit from the point of view of workmanship: his habit of diffuse and repetitious dialogue. When two or three of his people get to talking, we may be sure they will use ten pages to say what a playwright would make them say in ten lines. But there are readers who like this sort of garrulity (witness the amazingly large constituency of Miss Ellen Glasgow), and no doubt they are readers to whom the general ingenuousness of Mr. Benson appeals. The Michael of this book is an English lord, very ugly and sincere, who tires of being a Guardsman and determines to devote himself to music. His father, the Earl of Ashbridge, is as highly coloured a caricature of the British aristocrat as has ever appeared on any stage. He is a snob, a martinet, a self-conscious ass, a person with no dignity of character or conduct: certainly not a gentleman. Well, of course he forbids Michael his music and orders him back into the Guards. Luckily the young man's grandmother has left him plenty of money. He sets forth for Baireuth and Munich, as the first stages of his musical journey, and falls in with a young Falbe, a brilliant musician and pianist who is to be Michael's master and friend. Falbe is half German, half English; but his German paternity determines his allegiance when the test comes. In his companionship and that of his sister Sylvia, a singer, Michael quickly finds himself. Almost at once he shows ability as pianist and composer. Friendship also comes to him, and love in the person of the beautiful Sylvia. So we have our situation. Meanwhile there have been tremblings of the earth, and suddenly the tempest of the war breaks forth. Falbe becomes all German, Michael all English, and poor Sylvia is torn between. Thus we are worked up to our catastrophe in the form of a chance encounter in the trenches between Michael and Falbe. Michael shoots and kills his friend, not recognising him until the thing is done. The slayer returns to England wounded, and Sylvia must be told. Here, evidently, is a "big scene" at hand. It is well, no doubt that Mr. Benson should not have laboured it, but he somehow fails to make anything of it at all. Michael tells the girl he has killed her brother, bursts into tears, and she tells

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him it is all right. The fact is, Mr. Benson's field is that of a mild social comedy, and his efforts at dramatic intensity of mood are inadequate to the verge of banality. To a point, there is characterisation here—Michael seems real, the Falbes seem real, despite their association with that man of straw the Earl; but the action in which they are involved fails to come home to us the moment it attempts the heroic plane.

Perhaps the reader will be ready to turn for a moment from all this seriousness, or striving after seriousness, to a book of pure and simple trifling. We possess still a few entertainers who have not felt constrained to become lecturers or commentators upon the war. Mr. W. W. Jacobs is, happily, as carefree in his whimsy as ever. That whimsy, when you come to examine it, turns out to be of pretty narrow range, and this is more easily evident when he steps out of his favourite setting and cast of old ships, old taverns, and old salts, into politer scenes and circles. Strictly, one may say, he is "a comic" rather than a humourist in the venerable sense. His fun turns invariably either on practical joking or its verbal counterpart of repartee. Perhaps that is why he is, as I believe, almost exclusively a man's author. Women lack the abandon or the simplicity necessary for the enjoyment of horseplay: they will laugh faithfully and even hysterically over the slapstick of vaudeville, but it is the men whose ribs are tickled. Mr. Jacobs's brisk encounters, physical or oral, between man and man, or man and woman, appeal to the Punch and Judy instinct in every healthy male. But, as I have hinted, the jollity sometimes rings rather thin when the master of the performance dresses his puppets a little differently. There is very little distinction between the badinage and the coquetry of Mudge the lady's maid and Biggs the chauffeur on the one hand, and that of their master and mistress, Carstairs and Lady Penrose, on the other. The idea of the story is amusing enough. Carstairs is a middle-aged man who, after clerking it for twenty-five years, suddenly inherits a fortune (it might be interesting to reckon how many recent stories have sprung from this situation). He thereupon annexes a fellow-clerk as his secretary, and starts out to enjoy the world. A squabble in a restaurant results in the addition to the Carstairs *entourage* of two young hopefuls who promptly make use of their new patron to advance their interests with the damsels of whom they are enamoured. These ladies are in charge of Lady Penrose, who does not approve the suitors. The upshot is a long yachting cruise, in which all parties are boxed up together for months, and full opportunity is given for those humourous encounters which are Mr. Jacobs's specialty. The affair ends in a grand duplex practical joke, in which the original plotters, Lady Penrose and Carstairs, are hoist with their own petard, being left (with Mudge the maid) on a desert island, for long enough to bring about a satisfactory clearing up of their own affair. It is all good fun for the reader who likes the Jacobs kind of thing.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

INTELLECTUAL adventure, which Mr. Wells tells us is the most thrilling kind of experience, may be found to no little degree in the humble occupation of reading THE BOOKMAN'S morning mail. It reminds us somewhat of the familiar old Sunday school sport of "Grab-bag," for it has all the uncertainties and dramatic surprises that pertain to that ancient and honourable entertainment—though indeed many of its results might not prove so thoroughly innocuous as would satisfy the mentors of those Sunday school days! It would perhaps be as interesting and satisfactory to publish the letters at random, but space compels a selection. The article in the January BOOKMAN on Jack London has caused considerable comment and some criticism, and the letter given below is an interesting illustration of the way some of THE BOOKMAN'S readers are re-acting to that paper. Miss Edna Kenton and her strictures on the Elsie books have aroused some comment from a reader who undoubtedly looks back upon the period in which she devoured those Elsie stories with much pleasure and some longing.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,
January 16, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Just a word to protest the rough treatment dealt to some old friends of mine by Edna Kenton, in your December number. Please do not imagine that I am to-day an admirer of the Elsie Books, or any of the rest of them—indeed, nothing could induce me to read one, for I know too well what disillusionment would destroy the bloom of cherished memories. Miss Kenton's criticism is undoubtedly true by all criteria of literature and common sense. But, in the language of those days which have risen up to challenge it, I cry, "No fair." Who would judge the wax dolls of our childhood by the standard of the Venus de Milo?

Moreover, Miss Kenton apparently fails to understand that these books supplied something for which the child mind hungers—just that dramatic intensity, that thrill of emotion, born of those very improbable incidents. Their absurdities passed unnoticed, just as did the artistry of better books that we read at the same time, "digging blithely after a certain sort of incident," as Stevenson puts it, "like a pig for truffles." Children have an insatiable appetite for Life, and the throb of it seems sometimes very far off from the rather colourless existence of a properly brought-up little girl. Nor is it so easy to find it in little-girl books, especially if these cravenly stick within the bounds of probability and consistency.

Nor did we feed our morals on them, one way or the other. I'm sure I never tried to keep Sunday after the fashion of Elsie, much as I admired that heroine. A child knows perfectly well that a story is a story; his belief in fairy tales is quite a special belief and has nothing to do with everyday life.

At any rate, remembering the delight with which I first read *The Wide, Wide World,* and how that delight remained undiminished when I borrowed it again and read it the second time, loyalty demands a word in defense of it and its kindred. Even though I imperil my intellectual reputation thereby.

F. I. HUNT.

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.,
January 22, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

In an article under "Chronicle and Comment" in the December BOOKMAN, you express great surprise that the lines in an opera referring to the "Howells

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and James young man" should have been taken by an able and scholarly reviewer to have reference to types created by William Dean Howells and Henry James.

I have had occasion lately to write—in certain club work—a review of one of Mr. Howells's books written thirty-five years ago. In looking over the *Saturday Review* of that date I find many mentionings of the points of similarity between Mr. Howells and Henry James, also contrasting points in their writings. It seems they were both very much before the public at the same time, with their common likenesses emphasised by their many shades of difference. Nothing was more natural than that even a "scholarly reviewer" should make the mistake of thinking the names "Howells and James" referred to the two well-known writers of that day. Besides, even a professor of literature might not be up on comic opera lyrics, not to mention such mundane matters as tailoring establishments.

MAY WILSON TODD.

NEW YORK CITY,
January 11, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

As I am going to temper my reprimand with a word of thanks I shall give that first; it is for the article in the current number on Edgar Allen Poe at the University of Virginia.

Now that Jack London is dead and cannot defend himself (I doubt if he would do so were he still at Glen Ellen) all of the critics and students of the man behind the book, are taking their turn and giving to the eagerly waiting public their opinion of the man London. I refer to the article on J. L. in the January BOOKMAN.

Must it follow as the night the day that a man believes in ghosts or is a ghost because he writes stories of them —that Poe took the teeth from his wife's body because he wrote "Berenice"—or that London knew nothing about the commercial side of life because he did not stop in the midst of *The Turtles of Tasman* and go into detail about whether "Brother Frederick" had really LIVED? One thing stands out in *The Turtles of Tasman* and that is: Tom could never have lived as he did had it not been for the remittances from The Prosaic One. I do not care what London knew or thought about commercialism, but like Cousin Egbert, "I can be pushed just so far" in this matter of the real London or the real any other man as found out by what he has written in exchange for his daily bread, then I want to protest. WRITING was his business of life—he turned out many a good story—but he forgot to say that he believed every word he wrote.

K. K. EDDY.

The contributions to last month's "The Masque of Poets" were comparatively easy to identify, with perhaps the exception of the last poem, "The Ring and The Castle." Writers of poetry themselves and others who are familiar with contemporary poetry with whom the Editor has talked, have given surprisingly accurate guesses of the authorship of these poems. The contributions in the present number are not so easy of identification, but if any of THE BOOKMAN'S readers care to give their opinions of the writers of these poems this "Mail Bag" department will, with their permission, publish their letters.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Adventure

Tiger Land. By C. E. Gouldsbury. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

Reminiscences of forty year's travel and adventure in Bengal.

Biography

The Art of George Frederick Munn. Edited by Margaret Crosby Munn and Mary R. Cabot. With an Introduction by J. Forbes Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.25.

Contains a Biographical Sketch of an American Painter, Extracts from his written Memoranda on Art, Reproductions of many of his more important paintings, and a Catalogue of his own works.

Benjamin Franklin, Printer. By John Clyde Oswald. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A tribute to Franklin as the founder of colonial journalism. The life of Franklin as printer, publisher, writer, and advertiser, and with all the business activities of his career.

Henry Ford's Own Story. By Rose Wilder Lane. Forest Hills, New Nork City: Ellis O. Jones. $1.00.

The story of the personality, principles and activities of a farmer boy who became a multi-millionaire.

Isaac Mayer Wise: The Founder of American Judaism. By Max B. May. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00.

The first complete history of the life and work of a prominent figure in American Judaism during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Business

Thrift. By Bolton Hall. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

The author presents ideals of thrift in modern business. Some of the topics discussed are "The Foundations of Fortunes," "Personal and National Efficiency," and "Intensive Cultivation."

Succeeding With What You Have. By Chas. M. Schwab. New York: Century Company. Frontispiece portrait. 50 cents.

The steel magnate reveals the secret of his success and describes the inner workings of the Bethlehem plant.

Drama

Representative American Plays. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: The Century Company. $2.75.

Twenty-five American plays complete, by the leading dramatists of the country, showing the development of the American drama from its beginning to the present day. An account of the playwright, the cast, and all other information precedes each play.

Three Short Plays. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

An American novelist writes three plays: "Civilization," a one-act society play; "An Ancient Dance," a one-act tragedy; and "The Wearin' O' The Green," a two-act farce.

Five Russian Plays. By C. E. Bechhofer. Translated from the Originals with an Introduction. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25.

Among these plays are: "A Merry Death," and "The Beautiful Despot," by

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Nicholas Evreinov; and "The Wedding," and "The Jubilee," by Anton Chekov.

Plays and Players. Leaves from a Critic's Scrapbook. By Walter Pritchard Eaton. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $2.00.

Criticisms of plays, and papers on acting, playmaking, and other dramatic problems.

Essays

Poe. By Hanns Heinz Ewers. Translated from the German by Adele Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 60 cents.

A little essay of sympathetic interpretation by an intellectual kinsman in Germany.

Studies in Democracy. By Julia H. Gulliver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

In the light of present-day events, this book discusses such questions as "The Essence of Democracy," and "The Twentieth-Century Search for the Holy Grail," as illustrated by the work of American women along economic, civic and legislative lines.

Essays in War Time: Further Studies in the Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Among the seventeen essays discussed are, "Birth Control," "Evolution and the War," "The Nationalisation of Health," "The Mental Difference of Men and Women."

Men of Letters. By Dixon Scott. With an Introduction by Max Beerbohm. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

Nineteen essays on such English writers as Kipling, Shaw, Barrie, Wells and Bennett.

Patriotic Essays. By Elroy Headley. Second Edition. Newark, N. J.: The Essex Press.

The second edition of this book sets forth some of the author's ideas of honest citizenship of the American Republic. "Liberty and Order," "Prosperity, Preparedness and Peace," "True Efficiency," "The 'Square Deal' Issue" are some of the topics discussed.

Fiction

The Hillman. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A romance of a Cumberland hillman and a London actress.

Jerry. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A romance of a young girl's public and domestic career.

Limpy: The Boy Who Felt Neglected. By William Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A story of a lame boy of ten who is just coming face to face with the truer values of life.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

A story revealing the undercurrents of Irish character in the account of the childhood, adolescence and young manhood of a gifted Irishman of middle class family.

The Homesteaders. By Robert J. C. Stead. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

A novel of the Canadian West.

The Girl. By Katherine Keith. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35.

Incidents and episodes revealing the development of an American girl of to-day.

The Call of the Bells. By Edmund Mitchell. New York: Menzies Publishing Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

A story of national issues such as the reconciliation of capital and labour, the dignity of toil, and the distribution of wealth.

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Tales of the Pampas. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

A collection of seven tales of the South American Pampas, some of which are: "Story of a Piebald Horse," "Tecla and the Little Men," "El Ombu."

Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The romance of the bird girl Rima.

Brandon of the Engineers. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A romance of the tropics, with love intrigue and hardship blended.

Marion. By Herself and the Author of "Me." New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A realistic life story of the Sister of "Me," who is a New York artist.

Bindle. By Herbert Jenkins. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The escapades of a journeyman furniture mover.

The Street of the Blank Wall. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35.

A collection of six short stories, all different: "The Street of the Blank Wall," "Malvina of Brittany" and "The Fawn Gloves" are some of them.

The Spring Song. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40.

The theme of this story is the "Spring Song of Youth."

Out of the House. By E. F. Irwin. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

A story of a young girl in a strange house.

Upsidonia. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

A satirical fantasy: the adventures of a young man in a country where everything is the exact opposite of modern civilisation.

A Soldier of Life. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The theme of this story is what the war, in its after effects, means to the individual.

A Crystal Age. By W. H. Hudson. With an Introduction by Dr. Clifford Smyth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

An allegorical story of a new and cleaner civilisation, with a real love element.

Dubliners. By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Short stories of Irish city life, character, types and traits, with Dublin as a background.

Philosophy. By Henrie Waste. An Autobiographical Fragment. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.25.

This story is the history of the development of an American girl's personality under the formative influence of love and of systematic thought in a German university.

A Daughter of the Puritans: An Autobiography. By Caroline A. Stickney Creevey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of the ordinary life of a New England girl in the middle of the last century when religious exercise chiefly dominated the social and domestic activities of the smaller communities.

More Tales By Polish Authors. Translated by Elsa Benecke and Marie Busch. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

Translations of six stories by Polish authors, among which are: "Two Prayers," by Adam Szymanski; "The Stronger Sex," by Stefan Zeromski, and "The Returning Wave," by Boleslaw Prus.

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Possession. By Olive Wadsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

An English novelist tells the love story of a girl who grew from a London waif into a figure of romance and tragedy.

Betty Trevor. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

A novel for girls with a seventeen-year-old heroine and a hero who redeems a past offense.

The Way Hearts Go. By Laurence Hayward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A social comedy of the romantic complications of modern social life in a New England neighbourhood.

The Best Short Stories of 1916 and the Year Book of the American Short Story. By Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.50.

The greater part of the volume is occupied by the best twenty stories which Mr. O'Brien finds published in American magazines during the year. There is a list of the books of short stories published during 1916 and a brief critical analysis of the fifty best American short stories.

The Beetle: A Mystery. By Richard Marsh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A story of a house with an open window, a haunted man, a terror by night and day, and a pursuit.

The Balkan Freebooter. By Jan Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Portrait and Illustrations. $3.00.

A tale of the adventures and mishaps, and the true exploits of the Serbian outlaw and comitaj Petko Moritch, told by him to the author and set into English.

Regiment of Women. By Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The story of a clash of wills between two teachers in a school for girls.

The World for Sale. By Gilbert Parker. Imperial Edition. Vol. 20. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A story of the great Northwest, in which a gypsy quarrel and feud are injected into the plans, hopes and love of a Canadian captain of industry.

General Literature

Greek and Roman Mythology. By Jessie M. Tatlock. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated.

A brief and simple arrangement of the most famous and interesting stories of classic mythology, with an index of those of lesser interest.

The Contemporary Short Story. By Harry T. Baker. New York: D. C. Heath & Company.

A practical manual of the short story.

Thomas Hardy: A Study of the Wessex Novels. By H. C. Duffin. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.75.

In two parts: The Art, and the Philosophy of Hardy.

The New Republic Book. By the Editors of the *New Republic*. New York: Republic Publishing Company, Inc.

Selections from the first hundred issues.

The Rhythm. By William Morrison Patterson. New York: Columbia University Press. Frontispiece-Cuts. $1.50.

A Monograph: an experimental investigation of individual difference in the sense of Rhythm.

History

Serbia: A Sketch. By Helen Leah Reed. Norwood, Mass.: The Plimpton Press.

A monograph on Serbia, in which the author sympathetically interprets important characters and events of Serbian history.

A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By James Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

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This work in two volumes, is selected from the author's essays and sermons. It includes such chapters as "Reminiscences of a Vatican Council," "Personal Reminiscenses of Pope Leo 13th," and "The Funeral of General Sheridan."

The English Civil Service in the Fourteenth Century. By T. F. Tout. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 40 cents.

A lecture delivered at the John Ryland library on December 15, 1915.

A Mediæval Burglary. By T. F. Tout. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. 40 cents.

A lecture based on the burglary of the treasury of King Edward's wardrobe on April 24, 1303.

The Days of Alkibiades. By C. E. Robinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A series of sketches, in narrative form, illustrating the life of an Athenian citizen during the Peloponnesian War, and covering incidents of both public and private life.

The Middle Group of American Historians. By John Spencer Bassett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

This work consists of essays on George Bancroft, Historian; Jared Sparks, editor of historical writings; and Peter Force, collector and compiler of historical materials. The introductory chapter is on the development of history writing in the United States, and the concluding chapter deals with the conditions under which historians published their work.

Philosophy

On Vital Reserves. By William Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents.

Two essays, "The Energies of Men" and "The Gospel of Relaxation," sum up the author's ideas on how the young may best realise their powers.

Vision of the Future. By Richard Marvin Chapman. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press. $1.00.

Comprises a "Human Bill of Rights" and presents the author's theories of how ideal social conditions may be obtained.

The Creed of Epictetus. By Ulysses G. B. Pierce. Boston: The Beacon Press. $1.35.

A thesis developing in Part One, "The Stoic," in Part Two, "The Cynic."

Miscellaneous

Tokens of the Eighteenth Century. Connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers. By W. Longman. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers (authors, printers, engravers, and paper makers).

Going Abroad Overland. By David M. Steele. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50.

Studies of places and people in the Far West.

Poetry

Sir Walter Raleigh: The Shepherd of the Ocean. Edited by Frank Cheney Hersey. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Tercentenary Edition of Selections from his Poetry and Prose.

The Last Line and Other Poems. By E. Vine Hall. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 2/6.

A collection of sixty-six poems on themes suggested by the war.

My Dickens Friends. By Frank Speaight. New York: James B. Pond. Illustrated.

Seventy-six poems on well-known characters from Dickens's novels.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

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This volume consists of an introduction by the author on the present period of poetic accomplishment; of an anthology of ninety-four poems by the chief exponents of the more important poetic groups; and of the year-book which includes indices of poets and poetry, books, articles and reviews on the poetry of 1916.

In Sunday's Tent. By Lewis Worthington Smith. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 50 cents.

A narrative in verse of the sinner's struggle to the light as it is seen in the Billy Sunday campaigns.

Lines Long and Short: Biographical Sketches in Various Rhythms. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A novel collection of short stories of typical American careers and characters, told in free verse with a keen satiric humour.

Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries. A collection of twenty poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Poetry of a modern realist, who sees the workingman as a real human being with poetic possibilities.

The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1915-16 with introduction by William S. Braithwaite. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. Boston: The Stratford Company.

One hundred and forty of the best poems written by American University Students during the past college year, sixty colleges being represented.

Soldier Songs From Anzac. By Signaller Tom Skeyhill, 8th Battalion A.I.F. With introduction by Major-General J. W. McGay, C.B. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 1s.

Nine poems, among which are "My Little Wet Home in the Trench," "Me Brother Wot Stayed at 'Ome," and "The Holding of the Line."

Politics

The Stakes of Diplomacy. By Walter Lippman. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 60 cents. Second Edition. Popular Edition with New Preface.

An interpretation of the Wilson doctrine, with questions of constructive world policy.

The Japanese Conquest of American Opinion. By Montaville Flowers. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A complete presentation of the two great bodies of argument for and against Japanese naturalisation.

Psychology

Freud's Theories of the Neuroses. By Dr. Eduard Hitschmann (Vienna). Authorised translation by Dr. Chas. Rockwell Payne. Introduction by Ernest Jones, M.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $2.00.

A synthetic presentation of the Freudian theory, both in the theory and practice of psychoanalytic methods.

The Neurotic Constitution. By Dr. Alfred Adler (Vienna). Authorised English Translation by Bernard Glueck and John E. Lind. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $3.00.

Outlines of a comparative, individualistic psychology and psychotherapy. This book is addressed to medical men, educators and serious students of psychoanalysis.

The Psychoanalytic Method. By Dr. Oskar Pfister (Zurich). Authorised translation by Charles Rockwell Payne, M.D. With introductions by Dr. Sigmund Freud and Dr. G. Stanley Hall. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $4.00.

Psychoanalysis, its study and especially its practical application, has been until now almost exclusively confined in this country to the medical profession. This book introduces the new science to the educator, and makes the theme accessible to laymen.

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Religion

The Dawn of a New Religious Era. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.00.

A collection of essays that reflect the changes that have been taking place in recent years in the religious world. Some of the topics discussed are, "The Dawn of a New Religious Era," "The New Orthodoxy," "The Revision of a Creed."

The Ministry of Jesus: A Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels. By Anita S. Ward. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

The text of the life of Christ and the story of His ministry told in the words of the gospels with modern arrangement.

Christian Certainties: A Catechism of the Christian Faith. By Brown-Perdriau. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 65 cents.

A series of questions and answers giving the author's survey of Christian faith from the modern point of view.

Christian Science and The Ordinary Man. By Walter S. Harris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A discussion of some of the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy.

Holy Land and Holy Writ. By Rev. J. T. Durward. Baraboo, Wis.: Pilgrim Publishing Company.

A book on the Holy Land.

The Master's Way: A Study in the Synoptic Gospels. By Charles Reynolds Brown. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.75.

A series of studies in ninety chapters, connecting the life of Christ with present-day experiences.

Science

Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.25.

Fifteen chapters by a lover of bird and animal life, some of which are: "Early Spring in Savernake Forest," "The Secret of the Willow Wren," "Owls in a Village," "Vert-Vert; or Parrot Gossip."

The Way Life Begins. By Bertha Chapman Cady and Vernon Mosher Cady. With foreword by Wm. Freeman Snow, M.D. New York: The American Social Hygiene Association. Illustrated.

A non-technical book for help in dealing with the various problems of sex education.

Glimpses of the Cosmos. By Lester F. Ward. Volume 5. A Mental Autobiography. Period 1893-1897. Age 52-55. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The volumes comprised in this series contain the collected essays of Dr. Ward, with biographical and historical sketches, and may be described as recording the evolution of his brain.

Sociology

Latter-Day Problems. By J. Laurence Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Addressed to those who look to economics for aid in solving the so-called "social problem." Some of the topics discussed are, "The Abolition of Poverty," "Large Fortunes," "Economic Liberty."

The Twentieth Century Unlimited. By Robert Fullerton. Des Moines: The Kenyon Company.

A series of twenty-two articles, dealing with comments on progressive civilisation, suggestions on educational and labour problems, and a review of the evolutionary changes in the mechanic arts.

The Declining Birth-Rate. (Being the Report of and the chief evidence taken by the National Birth-Rate Commission, instituted, with official recognition, by the National Council of Public Morals—for the Promotion of Race Regeneration—Spiritual, Moral and Physical.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.50.

This exhaustive inquiry is issued under the auspices of the National Council of

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Pubilc Morals. It contains the report of the National Commission, and a verbatim record of the most significant evidence.

War

Europe Unbound. By L. March Phillipps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author's ideas of liberty and its real meaning in the light of the real causes of the struggle to-day. Ten chapters, some of which are: "Ideals of the War," "Liberty and Christianity," "Modern Conservatism."

Philosophy and War. By Emile Boutroux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.75.

The author discusses the influence of thought on action. Some of the topics discussed are: "German Science," "War and Sophistry," "After the War."

A Woman and The War. By the Countess of Warwick. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

Ideas of an English suffrage leader on the influence of war in creating a new world with opportunity for advancing the work of social reconstruction.

England's World Empire: Some Reflections Upon Its Growth and Policy. By Alfred Hoyt Granger. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.50.

A condensed history of England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day, with special reference to the international principles involved in the present war.

The Future of Militarism. By Roland. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 2/6.

An examination of Mr. Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle," in which his theory of universal militarism without war is critically dissected.

German Policy Before the War. By G. W. Prothero. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00.

An attempt to explain the genesis of German policy; the teaching, the events, and the conditions which combined to form a public opinion in Germany favourable to war; and the way in which that opinion influenced the foreign policy of the Empire.

International Realities. By Philip Marshall Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.40.

An analysis of the methods of international law in the light of its apparent breakdown in the War, and a stimulating proposal of new methods of applying it in the light of recognition of certain causes of war, geographical, racial, etc.

The Pan-German Plot Unmasked: Berlin's Formidable Peace-Trap of "The Drawn War." By Andre Cheradame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With Maps. $1.25.

The author explains the nature of the German objective; defines Pan-Germanism, and sets forth proposals to frustrate the plan.

With the Russian Wounded. By Tatiana Alexinsky. With an Introduction by Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 2/6.

A Russian woman's pictures of Russian life during the war, and an account of her country's struggle against invasion.

The Judgment of the Orient. By K'ung Yuan Ku'suh. Edited and rendered into Colloquial English by Ambrose Pratt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 60 cents.

Some reflections of the great War made by the Chinese student and traveller.

With the French Flying Corps. By Carroll Dana Winslow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

An account of a young American's aerial experiences and adventures, notably those of his flying trips above Verdun during the German attacks.

A History of the Great War. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

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A history of the British campaign in France and Flanders, with maps and plans.

The White Road to Verdun. By Kathleen Burke. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

An account of the author's interview with the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of France, and of her visit to the besieged but unconquered fortress of Verdun.

Why Men Fight: A Method of Abolishing the International Duel. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

A summing-up of the author's philosophic point of view and an analysis of the human causes of war.

The Red Watch. By Col. J. A. Currie. With the First Canadian Division in Flanders. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The story of the deeds of the Canadian Highland Battalion of the 48th Highlanders, now named the "Red Watch." The Battle of Neuve Chapelle, The Historic Salient at Ypres, The Battle of St. Julien, are some of the chapters discussed.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of January and the first of February:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Xinger
New York City	The Career of Katherine Bush	Lady Connie
Albany, N. Y.	Wildfire	The Hillman
Atlanta, Ga.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Boston, Mass.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Boston, Mass.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Worn Doorstep
Buffalo, N. Y.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Baltimore, Md.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	El Supremo
Baltimore, Md.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Chicago, Ill.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	King—of the Khyber Rifles
Cleveland, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Dallas, Texas	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows
Denver, Colo.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Houston, Tex.	When a Man's a Man	Enoch Crane
Indianapolis, Ind.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Kansas City, Mo.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Milwaukee, Wis.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
New Orleans, La.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard
New Haven, Conn.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Norfolk, Va.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Worn Doorstep
Omaha, Neb.	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Philadelphia, Pa.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Philadelphia, Pa.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Me.	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Ore.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Providence, R. I.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Providence, R. I.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hillman
Richmond, Va.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Rochester, N. Y.	Wildfire	The Balance
St. Paul, Minn.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Heart of Rachael
San Antonio, Tex.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
San Francisco, Cal.	The Mysterious Stranger	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Seattle, Wash.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
St. Louis, Mo.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
St. Louis, Mo.	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Tacoma, Wash.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The World for Sale
Toronto, Ont.	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Utica, N. Y.	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Waco, Tex.	When a Man's a Man	From the Housetops
Washington, D. C.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
Worcester, Mass.	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Green Mansions	The Lion's Share	The Hillman	Love's Inferno
The Golden Blight	Just David	Yourself and the Neighbors	The Ear In the Wall
The Castaways	The Street of the Blank Wall	Michael	Seventeen
The Wonderful Year	Georgina of the Rainbows	The Bent Twig	In Another Girl's Shoes
When a Man's a Man	Lady Connie	The Sailor	David Blaize
Hatchways	Mary 'Gusta	Further Foolishness	El Supremo
When a Man's a Man	Wildfire	Seventeen	The Agony Column
The Worn Doorstep	Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
The Lion's Share	The World for Sale	Romance of a Christmas Card	The Rising Tide
Seventeen	Georgina of the Rainbows	From the Housetops	The Hillman
Mary 'Gusta	Seventeen	Lady Connie	Further Foolishness
The Hillman	King-of the Khyber Rifles	When a Man's a Man	Come Out of the Kitchen
Just David	Seventeen	The Rising Tide	Wildfire
Seventeen	The Hillman	Just David	Penrod and Sam
The Hillman	The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man	Fibble, D.D.!
Just David	The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard	From the Housetops	Penrod and Sam
The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	King-of the Khyber Rifles
The Worn Doorstep	Hilltop on the Marne	Romance of a Christmas Card	Fibble, D.D.!
The Lion's Share	King-of the Khyber Rifles	El Supremo	Penrod and Sam
The Short Cut	Wildfire	Brandon of the Engineers	The Hillman
Chloe Malone	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	Seventeen
Wildfire	The Wonderful Year	Fibble, D.D.!	Further Foolishness
The Last Ditch	Lady Connie	The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man
When a Man's a Man	The White People		
When a Man's a Man	The Hillman	Mary 'Gusta	Lady Connie
Seventeen	Enoch Crane	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta
Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	The Hillman	The Postmaster's Daughter
Penrod and Sam	The World for Sale	Mary 'Gusta	Rainbow's End
When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	Nan of Music Mountain	The Rising Tide
Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta	The Worn Doorstep	Penrod and Sam
The Rising Tide	Just David	Wildfire	Georgina of the Rainbows
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	The Worn Doorstep
When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	Just David	Penrod and Sam
Penrod and Sam	Come Out of the Kitchen	Rainbow's End	Dabney Todd
Penrod and Sam	My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard	Somewhere in Red Gap	The Leatherwood God
The Bent Twig	When a Man's a Man	Tish	Green Mansions
When a Man's a Man	The Dark Forest	The Magnificent Adventure	The Dark Tower
Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows	Penrod and Sam	The Career of Katherine Bush
When a Man's a Man	Come Out of the Kitchen	Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows
Rainbow's End	Somewhere in Red Gap	Penrod and Sam	The Magnificent Adventure
Bindle	Raymond	The Worn Doorstep	When a Man's a Man
Mary 'Gusta	The Hillman	The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man
The Rising Tide	Penrod and Sam	The Career of Katherine Bush	A Circuit Rider's Widow
Seventeen	Just David	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	The Hillman	King-of the Khyber Rifles

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Raymond or Life and Death. Sir Oliver Lodge.
The Book of Boston. Robert Shackleton.
A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. J. Muir.
A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
Poems. Alan Seeger.
Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard.
The Advance of the English Novel. W. L. Phelps.
Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " "	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50	387
2. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.35	229
3. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	129
4. Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	124
5. Penrod and Sam. Tarkington. (Doubleday.) $1.35	73
6. The Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) $1.40	62

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Advance of the English Novel. W. L. Phelps.
The Agony Column. Earl Biggers.
The Benty Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
The Book of Boston. Robert Shackleton.
Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.
Brandon of the Engineers. Harold Bindloss.
The Career of Katherine Bush. E. Glyn.
The Castaways. William W. Jacobs.
Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lee.
A Circuit Rider's Widow. Corra Harris.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
Dabney Todd. Frank Westcott.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
The Dark Tower. Phyllis Bottome.
David Blaize. E. F. Benson.
A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
The Ear in the Wall. Arthur B. Reeve.
El Supremo. Edward L. White.
Enoch Crane. F. Hopkinson Smith.
Fibble D. D.! Irvin S. Cobb.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
From the Housetops. G. B. McCutcheon.
Further Foolishness. Stephen Leacock.
Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson.
The Golden Blight. George A. England.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
Hatchways. Ethel Sidgwick.
The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.
In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
King—of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy.
Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The Lost Ditch. Will Levington Comfort.
The Leatherwood God. W. D. Howells.
The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett.
Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.
The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough.
Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
Michael. E. F. Benson.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard.
My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard. E. Cooper.
The Mysterious Stranger. Mark Twain.
Nan of Music Mountain. F. L. Spearman.
Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. G. King.
Poems. Alan Seeger.
The Postmaster's Daughter. Louis Tracy.
Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
Raymond. Sir Oliver Lodge.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man R. W. Service.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
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The Sailor. J. C. Smith.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
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Somewhere in Red Gap. H. L. Wilson.
The Street of the Blank Wall. Jerome K. Jerome.
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